Cambria :: Freeman,
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.,
BY JAMES G. HASSON,

Guaranteed Circulation, - 1200.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, 1 year, cash in advance.....$1.50
do do if not paid within 3 months. 1.75
do do if not paid within 6 months. 2.00
do do if not paid within the year.. 2.25

To persons residing outside of the county 50 cents additional per year will be charged to pay postage.

In no event will the above terms be departed from, and those who don't consult their own interests by paying in advance must not expect to be placed on the same footing as those who do. Let this fact be distinctly understood from this time forward.

Pay for your paper before you stop it. If stop it you must. Never run a credit account and don't be a scalawag—life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1891. NUMBER 38.

Advertising Rates.

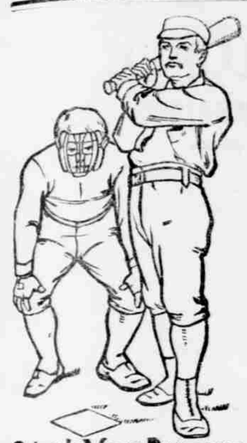
The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$ 1.50
1 inch, 3 months	2.50
1 inch, 6 months	3.50
1 inch, 1 year	5.00
2 inches, 6 months	5.00
2 inches, 1 year	10.00
3 inches, 6 months	8.00
3 inches, 1 year	12.00
¼ column, 6 months	10.00
½ column, 6 months	20.00
¼ column, 1 year	35.00
1 column, 6 months	40.00
1 column, 1 year	75.00

Business items, first insertion, 10c. per line; subsequent insertions, 5c. per line.
Administrator's and Executor's Notices.. $2.50
Auditor's Notices..... 2.00
Strays and similar Notices..... 1.50

Resolutions or proceedings of any corporation or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or individual interest must be paid for as advertisement.

Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and expeditiously executed at the lowest prices. And don't you forget it.



DURING YOUR PASTIME use our Old Honesty PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO and then your PASTIME WILL BRING YOU MORE PLEASURE.

OLD HONESTY is the very best plug, and is put up in the very bestimanner.

DON'T FAIL TO TRY IT
John Finzer & Bros.
Louisville, Ky

THE NEW WEBSTER
Successor of the Unabridged.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A GRAND INVESTMENT
For the Family, the School or the Library.

The work of revision occupied over ten years, more than a hundred editorial laborers having been employed, and over $300,000 expended before the first copy was printed.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

A Pamphlet of specimen pages, illustrations, testimonials, etc., sent free by the publishers.

Caution is needed in purchasing a dictionary, as worthless reprints of a comparatively worthless Webster are being marketed under various names, often by misrepresentation.

GET THE BEST.

The International, which bears the imprint of
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
SPRINGFIELD, Mass., U. S. A.

OILS! OILS!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Naphtha and Gasoline

That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils in the market ask for ours.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,
PITTSBURG, PA.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure FREE of charge. A splendid medical work, should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED for a new side line; sells on sight; SAMPLE FREE. A rare chance. Gen. A. Scott, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BELVIDERSON, Pa., Nov. 27, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Gents—I would like to make known to those who are almost persuaded to use Kendall's Spavin Cure the fact that I think it is a most excellent Liniment. I have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three legs for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bottles on the horse and have worked him for three years since and he has not been lame.

Yours truly, WM. A. CURL.

GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1889.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say that a year ago I had a valuable young horse become very lame, knee calloused and swollen. Two horsemen about here gave me up. Veterinary Surgeon here pronounced his lameness Blood Spavin or Thoroughpin, then all told me there was **no cure for it**, he being otherwise useful, and I considered him almost worthless. A friend told me of the merits of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, so I bought a bottle, and I could see very plainly great improvement from first application. The bottle was used up. I was satisfied that it was doing him a great deal of good. I bought a second bottle, and before it was used up my horse was **cured** and has been in the team doing heavy work all the season since. I cheerfully say more signs of it. I consider your Kendall's Spavin Cure a valuable medicine, and it should be in every stable in the land. Respectfully yours,

EUGENE DEWITT.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

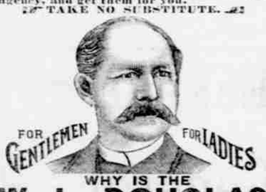
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

oct16 90.ly.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.



WHY IS THE
W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and *because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer*, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered at this price; equals French imported shoes which cost from $6.00 to $8.00.

$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $8.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers will wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2.25 and $2.00 Workingmen's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00.

Ladies' $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

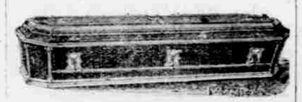
Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

C. T. ROBERTS,
Agent, Ebensburg, Pa. jul23, 3m

$60.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not want work, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We want you, furnishing everything. EASILY, STEADILY learned. WITH ULTIMATE FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

ROBERT EVANS,



UNDERTAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE,
Ebensburg, Pa.

A full line of Caskets always on hand.

Bodies Embalmed
WHEN REQUIRED.

Apr 30 88

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING.

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock of manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.

V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

THE FREEMAN is the largest paper in North-Cambria. Don't forget it.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO

To remove tombstones. To remove oil-cloth. To renovate paint. To brighten metals.
To wash floors. To wash out sinks. To scour bath-tubs.
To whiten marble. To remove rust. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Engineers to clean parts of machines. Housemaids to scrub marble floors.
Machinists to renovate old chapels. Chemists to remove stone stains.
Hotels to clean the tombstones. Carvers to sharpen their knives.
Hostlers to brasses and white horses. Shovel-nose to scour old straw hats.
Artists to clean their palettes. Soldiers to brighten their arms.
Wheelmen to clean bicycles. Renovators to clean carpets.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

HER TALENT.

She does not prate of Browning
Whose works I have not read.
There is no laurel crowning
Her shapely little head.
She is not versed in Schiller
And Goethe and the rest;
She has no store of "siller,"
As some, perchance, have guessed.

She knows no word of Dante
And his Italian crew;
She plays not "penny ante"
As rapid maidens do.
No more she knows of Spencer
Than of La Rochefoucauld;
On Darwin she is denser
Than any girl I know.

With Kant and Schopenhauer
Her speech she will not load,
But fortune other power
Upon her has bestowed.
Though Mill and Huxley tire her,
As she will frankly state,
Yet still I must admire her—
Her pumpkin pies are great.
—Harry B. Smith, in America.

THE WHITE DEVIL.

A Mexican Superstition and Its Interesting Origin.

One day as the freight train running from San Francisco to San Jose rumbled around the curve just outside of the city of San Jose, a white horse sprang on the track and raced down toward the town in front of the engine. For a mile the train did not gain on him, then the unequal footing of the cross ties and the pace began to tell on the white steed, and the engine crept slowly up to him. The engineer gave a few shricks of the whistle to scare the horse from the track, but he kept right on in front, running with the speed of a racer, with his long tail streaming in a straight line behind him.

The engineer saw a stock gap in front half a mile away, and again pulled the whistle. The horse simply let out a few links and went on. The engineer got mad. He pulled the throttle open and went after the white phantom, at a thirty-miles-an-hour clip. He was a bare hundred feet behind the horse when the animal reached the stock gap and plunged in among the open ties and fell. The pilot struck him, ground the life out of him in an instant and then plowed into the dirt on the opposite side of the track. The engineer swore a few choice oaths and jumped out of the cab. The horse was as dead as a door nail and the engine had left the rails.

"Another suit for the company," said the conductor as he came up. "How did you do it, Jim?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Jim in a surly way. "The brute got on the track and just stayed there till I struck him. He was possessed of the devil, I guess."

They had to send to San Jose for the wrecking engine to put the train back on the rail, and while they were waiting a Mexican rode along the road beside the track. He pulled up his broncho to see the wreck.

"Caramba, senor," he exclaimed, turning pale and trembling, "it es Vasquez horse." And he mounted his pony as quickly as possible and sped off down the road.

"Who the deuce is Vasquez?" asked Jim. "From the way that Greaser got a push on himself you'd think we'd killed a ghost."

"If that's Vasquez' horse as the Greaser said, you have killed a Mexican ghost," said the conductor, and he walked over and looked at the dead animal lying under the front wheels of the engine.

It was Vasquez' horse. The whole country knew it the next day. He was twenty years old and totally blind when he met his death in front of the freight train, and for ten years had roamed over the unoccupied land about the lower part of Santa Clara county free as a bird and feared by the Mexicans more than a lion. He was called by them the "white devil," and it was their belief that he was possessed of a soul mortgaged to the evil one—the soul of Vasquez. It is a strange tale that the old Mexican mothers tell of this white horse.

Vasquez was the most noted bandit of the early days of California. He bade defiance to the law, eluded the detectives and searching parties for years and killed and robbed half a hundred men. He roamed over the state of California from the north to the south, leaving desolation and death in his wake. He surrounded himself with a band of desperate Mexicans and terrorized entire communities. Lone travelers by day and by night were stopped on the road and relieved of their cash and often of their lives. A quiet village in the San Joaquin valley would be awakened at the dead of night by the rush of sounding hoof-beats. Timid men would pull the covers about their heads and shiver. Next day the principal store in the place would be found open, the safe robbed, valuable goods taken, and the guardian, if it had any, dead with a bullet in his head or a knife wound in his heart. Vasquez had been there.

One day the stage was rattling down the road from one of the mountain mines. The Wells-Fargo box was heavy with bullion and half a dozen armed guards sat in the coach. The driver sat on the box with a Winchester between his knees and chatted with another guard who sat beside him balancing a shotgun across his lap. They were talking of Vasquez. "They say he allers rides a white horse and dresses like a dandy," said the driver. "Wish't he'd jump ther gun-site stage onct when the boys is aboard."

Two horsemen dressed in the tinseled Mexican cavalier costume rounded a turn in the road just in front of the stage and came riding toward it. One of them bestrode a white horse. They cantered up. The man on the white horse went to the right and his companion to the left of the stage. Suddenly they reined up.

"Pardon, senor, will the senor give me a light for me cigarette?"

The driver good-naturedly pulled up and leaned over from his seat with the big cigar which he was smoking extended between his fingers. He was met with a snap shot straight in the brain and tumbled headlong into the dust. At the same instant the guard lurched and fell forward under the horses with a ball in his forehead. A dozen men sprang from the underbrush beside the road and shoved the muzzles of their rifles through the stage door on either side.

Taken by surprise, not a weapon was drawn by the guards. The strong box was lifted from the boot, the men inside were disarmed while the robbers' rifles stared them in the eyes, and the merry company, with many jokes about the dresses they would buy for their senoritas, mounted the horses that were led out of the woods and rode away, he on the white steed humming a bit of some old Spanish love song to the time of his horse's step.

It was a dreamy August afternoon in Southern California when the mayor of Los Angeles and a fellow official were driving along the old sand road through the Arroya Seco toward the town. Over the brow of a hill half a mile in front of them a group of horsemen appeared at a gallop. They swept down the hill and met the buggy of the mayor. The galloping horses were yanked back upon their haunches and a swarthy Mexican upon a white horse shoved a pistol in the mayor's face and said, with a show of his teeth in a smile: "Your money, senor."

The mayor thought it was a joke and laughed.

"Quick! quick!" said the horseman, as his weapon clicked. "I am Vasquez.

The mayor laughed again.

"Eef you don't believe me, senor, look."

He pointed back to the hill, and there appeared another group of horsemen riding at full tilt from the town.

"Quick!" said Vasquez. "I am no fool."

The mayor looked down the pistol barrel at the pair of black, glittering eyes that lined the sights, and put up his hands. He was lightened of his chamois bag of gold, as was his friend, and the bold robbers wheeled and were off at a run, the posse from the town riding up five minutes too late to catch them or to save the mayor's coin. The band escaped into the chapparal.

Vasquez made history in this way for five years and then was caught like a rat in a trap in a 'dobe house near the scene of the robbery of the mayor, and was shot down by a newspaper correspondent detailed to accompany the search party. He survived his wounds, was taken to San Jose, where one of his earliest and most atrocious murders had been committed, and there met his fate on the scaffold.

And now for the horse. Every time the robbers appeared one of them, the leader, would be mounted upon a white horse. That he had a world of speed was shown in the way that he would gallop away from the rest of the gang when they were pursued. The horse was hitched behind the house when Vasquez was shot. One of the capturing party tried to take him and was severely bitten for his cupidity. The horse broke away, went careering off toward the canyon where Vasquez had had his rendezvous and was lost to sight. Most people say he died in the mountains of starvation, but the Mexicans say no. They saw him again.

The night after Vasquez was hanged a white horse galloped up the street to the jail, stood a moment at the door and gave a neigh. The Mexicans heard in it a call to the dead Vasquez. There came no answer to the horse's challenge and he wheeled about and went as suddenly as he came. Then he turned bandit and followed Vasquez' old trails. Once in awhile a man would be found on the road with his body frightfully mutilated and his flesh bearing the marks of hoofs. Sometimes in the night a white horse would appear at the door of a Mexican cabin in some lonely spot and neigh. If no answer came he would be off like the wind, but if any man dared to show himself the horse would attack him with hoof and teeth and it was seldom that a victim escaped.

Time and again he was shot at, and one Mexican buck was foolhardy enough to try to rope him and met a horrible death. The horse bore a charmed life. He became almost as great a terror to the Mexicans as Vasquez had been to the rich Americans. If by chance a Mexican's pony got out of the corral and wandered off in search of grass the white horse would find him and enlist him. First he had one follower, then two, then half a dozen. No man could kill them and no man dared to attempt to capture them. With no loads upon their backs they were fleet as the wind and could outstrip the best horse with a rider. The Mexicans named the leader the "White Devil," and said that Vasquez lived again in his horse.

As the years went by and Vasquez became a memory, and his exploits the theme for children's stories, the White Devil lost his companions. His visits to the vicinity of the little towns became less and less frequent and then ceased altogether. At long intervals a Mexican would ride in with a report that he had seen the White Devil in some canyon among the hills. Even these reports ceased, and few Americans of the latter days in California had heard of him until the freight train killed the white horse. The Mexicans came for miles to look at him. All of them knew him, at least they said so, and they respected him sufficiently to look at his dead body from a distance.

When he was dragged from beneath the engine by the trainmen a horse doctor looked at him. He was a magnificent animal even in death, and the veterinary said that he had been stone blind for years.

Vasquez' deeds are history; the story of the White Devil is a Mexican superstition.—Detroit Free Press.

New Rules of Politeness.

In certain private schools of Brooklyn new rules of politeness are enforced. It is no longer proper for the little pupils to say "Yes, sir," No, sir," "Yes ma'am" and "No, ma'am" to their elders. Now the correct thing is "Yes, Mr. Brown," "No, Miss Smith," and so on. If the child happens to be addressed by a strange lady or gentleman the child is instructed to reply: "Yes, mister," or "Yes, lady." At first this strikes the uninitiated as an unpleasant innovation, but it has obtained a stronghold on the children, and they are rapidly making their parents converts to the new system.

The Japs Springing Ahead.

The Hawaiian race has been steadily dwindling in numbers during the present century, and the latest census gives it a population of but forty thousand, or a decrease of one-half within a half a century, so that its extinction must soon be complete. The Japanese, who number forty million, are increasing, and it is thought they may soon replace the vanishing race and re-people the island.

DYING ON TIME.

Why the Town Clock Accorded with the Inscription.

Tommy McGuffy was growing old. The skin of his attenuated face was so shrunk and so stretched from wrinkle to wrinkle that it seemed narrowly to escape breaking. About the pointed chin and the cheekbones it had the color of faded brick.

Old Tommy had become so thin that he dared not venture to the top of the hill above his native village of Rearward upon a windy day.

His knees bent comically when he walked.

For some years the villagers had been counting the nephews and nieces to whom the savings of the old retired dealer in dry goods would eventually descend.

Ten thousand dollars and a house and lot constituted a heritage worth anticipating in Rearward.

The innocent old man was not upon terms of intimacy with his prospective heirs. Having remained unmarried, his only close associates were two who had been his companions in that remote period which had been his boyhood. One of these, Jerry Hurley, was a childless widower; a very estimable and highly-respected man who owned two farms. The other, like himself a bachelor, was Billy Skidmore, the sexton of the church and therefore the regulator of the town clock upon the steeple.

There came a great shock to old Tommy one day. As old Mrs. Sparks said: "Jerry Hurley, all sudden-like, just took a notion and died."

The wealth and standing of Jerry Hurley insured him an imposing funeral. They laid his body beside that which had once been his wife's in Rearward cemetery. His heirs possessed his farm and time went on—slowly, as it always does at Rearward.

Tommy went frequently to Hurley's grave and wondered when his heirs would erect a monument to his memory. It is necessary that your grave be marked with a monument if you would stand high in that still society that holds eternal assembly beneath the pines and willows where only the breezes speak, and they in subdued voices.

Years passed, and the grave of Tommy's old friend, Jerry, remained unmarked. Jerry's relatives had postponed the duty so long that they had grown callous to public opinion. Besides, they had other purposes to which to apply Jerry's money. It was easy enough to avoid reproach; they had only to refrain from visiting the graveyard.

"Jerry never deserved such treatment," Tommy would say to Billy the sexton, as the two met to talk it over every sunny afternoon.

"It's an outrage, that's what it is!" Billy would reply for the hundredth time.

It was, in their eyes, an omission almost equal to that of baptism or the funeral service.

One day, as Tommy was aiding himself along the main street of Rearward by means of a hickory stick a frightful thought came to him. He turned cold.

What if his own heirs should neglect to mark his own grave?

"I'll hurry home and put the money for it aside in a stocking foot at once," thought Tommy, and his knees bent more than usual as he accelerated his pace.

But as he tied a knot in the stocking came the fear that even this money might be misapplied; even his will might be ignored through repeated postponement and the law's indifference.

Who, save old Billy Skidmore, would care whether old Tommy McGuffy's last resting place were designated or not? Once let the worms begin operations upon this antique morsel, what would it matter to Rearward folks where the banquet was taking place?

Tommy now underwent a second attack of horror, from which he came victorious, a gleeful smile momentarily lifting the dimness from his excessively lachrymal eyes.

"I'll fix 'em," he said to himself. "I'll go to-day to Ricketts, the marble-cutter, and order my own tombstone."

Three months thereafter, Ricketts, the marble-cutter, untied the knot in the stocking that had been Billy's, and deposited the contents in the local savings bank.

In the cemetery stood a new monument very lofty and elaborate. Around it was an iron fence. Within the inclosure there was no grave as yet.

"Here," said the monument in deepcut letters, but bad English, "lies all that remains of Thomas McGuffy, born in Rearward, November 11, 1830; died ——. Gone whither the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

This supplementary information was framed in the words of Tommy's favorite passage in his favorite hymn. His liking for this was mainly on account of its tune.

He had left the date of his death to be inserted by the marble-cutter after its occurrence.

Rearward folks were amused at sight of the monument, and they ascribed the placing of it there to the eccentricity of a taciturn old man.

Tommy seemed to derive much pleasure from visiting his tombstone upon mild days. He spent many hours contemplating it. He would enter the iron inclosure, lock the gate after him, and sit upon the ground that was intended some day to cover his body.

He was a familiar sight to people riding or walking past the graveyard—this thin old man leaning upon his cane, contentedly pondering over the inscription upon his own tombstone.

He undoubtedly found much innocent pleasure in this.

One afternoon, as he was so engaged, he was assailed by a new apprehension.

Suppose that Ricketts, the marble-cutter, should fail to inscribe the date of his death in the space left vacant for it!

There was almost no likelihood of such an omission; but there was at least a possibility of it.

He glanced across the cemetery toward Jerry Hurley's unmarked mound, and shuddered.

Then he thought laboriously.

When he left the cemetery in such time as to avoid a delay of his evening meal and a consequent outburst of anger on the part of his old housekeeper, he had taken a resolution.

"Three score years and ten, says the Bible," he muttered to himself as he walked homeward. "The Scriptural lifetime 'll do fer me."

A week thereafter old Tommy gazed proudly upon his finished inscription.

"Died November 11, 1890," was the newest bit of biography there engraved.

"But it's two years and more till November 11, 1890," said a voice at his side.

Tommy merely cast an indifferent look upon the speaker and walked off without a word.

The whole village now thought that Tommy had become a monomaniac upon the subject of his tombstone. Perhaps he had.

No one had been able to learn from his friend, Billy Skidmore, what thoughts he may have communicated to the latter upon the matter.

Tommy now lived for no other apparent purpose than to visit his tombstone daily. He no longer confined his walks thither to the pleasant days. He went in weather the most perilous to so old and frail a man.

One of his prospective heirs took sufficient interest in him to advise more care of his health.

"I can easily keep alive till the time comes," returned the antique; "there's only a year left."

Rapidly his hold upon life relaxed. A week before November 11, 1890, he began to speculate as to whether his unique prediction—or, I should say, his decree—would be fulfilled to the very day.

Upon the fifth day of his illness death threatened to come before the time that had been set for receiving him.

"Isn't this the 10th?" the old man mumbled.

"No," said his housekeeper, who, with one of his nieces, the doctor and Billy Skidmore, attended the ill man; "it's only the 9th."

"Then I must fight for two days more. The tombstone must not lie."

And he rallied so well that it seemed as if the tombstone would lie, nevertheless, for old Tommy was still alive at 11:30 on the night of November 11. Moreover, he had been in his senses when last awake, and there was every likelihood that he would look at the clock whenever his eyes should next open.

"He can't live till morning; that's sure," said the doctor.

"But, good Lord! you don't mean to say he'll hold out till after twelve o'clock?" said Billy Skidmore, whose anxiety only had sustained him in his grief at the approaching dissolution of his friend.

"Quite probably," replied the doctor.

"Good heavens! Tommy won't rest easy in his grave if he doesn't die on the 11th. The monument would be wrong."

"Oh that don't matter," said the niece.

Billy looked at her in amazement. Was his old friend's sacred wish to miscarry thus?

"Yes; 'twill matter," he said, in a loud whisper. "And if time won't wait for Tommy of its own accord, we'll make it. When did he last see the clock?"

"Half-past nine," said the housekeeper.

"Then we'll turn it back to ten," said Skidmore, acting as he spoke.

"But he may hear the town clock strike."

Billy said never a word, but plunged into his overcoat, threw on his hat, and hurried out into the cold night.

"Ten minutes to midnight," he said, as he looked up at the town clock upon the church steeple. "Can I skin up them ladders in time?"

Tommy awoke once before the last slumber. Billy was by his bedside, as were the doctor, the housekeeper and the niece. The old man's eyes sought the clock.

"Eleven," he murmured. Then he was silent, for the town clock had begun to clang. He counted the strokes—eleven. Then he smiled and tried to speak again.

"Almost—live out—birthday—seventy—tombstone—all right."

He closed his eyes, and, inasmuch as the town clock furnishes the official time for Rearward, the published report of Tommy McGuff's going records that he passed at twenty-five minutes after eleven p. m., November 11, 1890.

Very few people knew that time turned back one hour and a half in order that the reputation of Tommy McGuffy's tombstone for veracity might be spotless in the eyes of future generations.

Billy Skidmore, the sexton, arranged to have Rearward time ready for the sun when it rose upon the following morning.—R. N. Stephens, in Philadelphia Press.

GATHERED FOR FAIR READERS.

THE tiny cordial cruets imported now for tea-tables are beautiful and costly.

GRANULATED rock candy is the proper thing to sweeten tea and after-dinner coffee.

PICTURES hermetically sealed between thin sheets of transparent celluloid never lose their fresh appearance.

VERY simple refreshments suffice for an afternoon tea and the hostess uses her visiting card for the invitations, writing upon the lower left-hand corner, opposite the address: "Tea at five o'clock," and the day and date.

BOWLS of flowers are the proper things for table decorations at the present time. Some one has invented a silver-wire net to cover the bowls and hold up the roses' heads. The wire is concealed by ferns and smilax, the flower-stems being stuck through the net into the water.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

IN Germany stag beetles are held to be in league with the devil.

IN Ireland stag beetles are thoroughly hated; why, no one seems to know.

IN Germany, where crickets are seldom seen, its cry is thought to be a death warning.

TAPUYAVA Indians of South America believe that the evil spirit assumes the form of a fly when bent on mischief.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the beetle was the sacred insect among the Egyptians, it has been mentioned but few times in folk-lore.

THE Spaniards of the sixteenth century believed that an unusual number of spiders in a mountainous region indicated that gold in abundance could be found at that point.

WANTED: A WIFE.

I want a wife to roast and toast,
To boil and bake and brew;
To pickle, can and make preserves
And every kind of stew.

I want a wife to knit and sew,
And patch and darn and mend;
To keep the buttons on my clothes,
Repairing every rend.

I want a wife to mop and scrub,
To wash and rinse and wring;
One that can in the parlor shine,
And dance and play and sing;

One that can drive the team to town,
And buy and sell or trade;
And one that knows a shovel from
A hoe, or rake, or spade;

To milk the cows when I'm away;
To strain and skim and churn,
And have an eye to save as well
As have an eye to earn.

I want a wife that's not afraid
To fire off a gun;
One that can face a snake or toad,
And neither screech nor run.

I want a wife to read and write:
To post me on the news;
Get up and build the kitchen fire,
And shine my Sunday shoes.

I want a wife 'twill never see
The smiles of other men,
But give her heart and soul to me
And to my wants attend.

She must be gay and full of fun—
A smiling, happy elf:
If there is scolding to be done,
I'll see to that myself.

I want a wife to cheer my life—
A bachelor's a dunce—
The girl who will may fill the bill,
But don't all speak at once.
—Farm and Home.

FIRST AND LAST.

Why One Night in a Gambling House Cured the Doctor.

This is the story the doctor told me:

"When I left college after winning all the honors there I was sent to Paris to finish my medical education under the care of a famous French surgeon living and practicing in that gay city.

"It was during my wild-oat period, I am sorry to have to confess, when one night I paid my first visit to a gambling house—and my last, for the experience I had taught me a much needed lesson and satisfied my curiosity forever in that line.

"The house in which I was introduced by a supposed friend was gorgeously arrayed and a great game of *rouge-et-noir* was going on and which I knew not the first thing about.

"But with a young man's conceit increased by the wine which flowed free and freely I found a place at the table and, instructed by my companion, commenced betting.

"With a greenhorn's luck I kept winning and doubling the stakes in spite of my guide's endeavors to make me quit with what I had before my wonderful good fortune changed. Soon the other players withdrew from the game, leaving me alone against the bank. The play had become intensely exciting and I was the center of all eyes. My companion I had offended by refusing angrily his advice to stop, so he would speak no longer on friendly terms—for which I neither cared nor thought.

"A great pile of gold lay before me on the table stacked against the bank's for the last deciding throw.

"If I won the bank was broken. With my fool's luck I did win.

"The game was over and my pockets bulged with their load of yellow French coins, swept into them without counting.

"Then more wine from the polite and smiling keeper and my head swam and things danced confusedly around me.

"I remember some one offering to help me and saying I shouldn't risk being murdered and robbed by going home and telling me I could have a bed in that house where I could sleep off my wine and excitement and be perfectly safe till daylight protected me.

"I remember, too, shaking his hand and vowing eternal friendship and, arm in arm, going with him to a room upstairs and getting into a bed and hearing him wish me a *bon soir, monsieur*, and then softly close the door and leave me.

"I must have fallen asleep immediately and slumbered not long. When I awoke, though my head felt weak it was clear, and in a few minutes I came to myself a bit and lay there trying to think if all was a dream or reality.

"The room was handsomely furnished and lighted by a gas jet turned rather low.

"A picture hung on the wall at the foot of the bed, which I began to notice had four high posts reaching to the ceiling and holding some sort of top canopy extending over the whole with short curtains at the sides.

"The picture which I was watching listlessly was a figure of an old soldier standing grimly, sternly and straight, gazing, too, at me. After awhile I got tired of the old fellow and shut my eyes. When I opened them after some minutes half dozing my grim sentinel's hat had disappeared. That seemed strange, and I closed my eyes again. When I looked the old chap's head was gone.

"I lay, puzzling over the affair, and wondered if my head was to be depended upon yet, until, to make sure, I stepped from the bed to the floor.

"The first thing that struck me was that the canopy of my bed looked queer. It seemed lower, and the four posts holding it seemed to have pierced through its corners and into the ceiling above. While I was trying to understand I saw between the canopy and the ceiling a glistening, long, thick iron rod, apparently grooved like an immense screw, and twisting so noiselessly and slowly as to be scarcely perceptible.

"At once it flashed on me that I was in peril of some kind, and, though badly startled, I managed to avoid making a noise, while I tried to comprehend what deviltry was going on.

"Soon I saw through it all. The canopy was bogus—merely hiding a soft mattress or something, which was being forced gradually down by the screw worked from the room above, and was intended to catch and smother whoever slept on the bed, after winning the gamblers' gold and being drugged with their wine, like myself.

"Judging from the movements the screw was making, I calculated a half hour must intervene ere my murderers would pay me a visit—providing I didn't bring an attack sooner by alarming them.

"Without a sound I got a window open and gazed out in the darkness. The wind was blowing and rattling shutters, and might prevent the noise of an escape being heard in case one was possible.

"Thick clouds were flying over the sky, obscuring the moon, just rising.

"I could see that my room was in the back of the house on the floor below the attic, and that I looked out on a yard bounded by a wall too high to scale, and, no doubt, made so purposely.

"Beneath me on the first floor a window shot forth bright streams of light illuminating the ground where I would have to drop. Every now and then moving shadows there showed plainly that inside that window were my watchers waiting to dispose of my corpse as soon as it was ready.

"The house stood by itself, otherwise I might be able to somehow climb into the next, as I had seen firemen do with a scaling ladder.

"That gave me an idea. If I could rig a ladder of that kind I might reach the roof, cross it and escape by climbing down the water pipe in front to the street, which, thanks to my athletic college culture, I would be probably able to do.

"How quickly a person's wits will act sometimes when death seems sure and soon.

"I looked around the room for material to make my scaling ladder, which seemed my only hope.

"Two bed slats luckily I found beneath my mattress. The wire which hung the old soldier's picture and others on the wall bound them securely together.

"I had a knife of many blades, one being a screw-driver. In the closet were large and strong clothes hooks. Quickly I unscrewed four, and as quickly put them upside down on my slats to within a few inches of the top. Half a dozen chair rugs, which I easily got from some chairs, bound at proper distances on the slats with the picture wire made my scaling ladder complete and I thought strong enough to support my weight. If it wasn't I'd be killed anyway.

"I looked at my bed. The canopy was three-quarters of the way down. I had no more time to lose. Taking the gold, which had been tied tightly in my handkerchief and placed under my pillow by my loving host, I fastened it about my waist and in stocking feet noiselessly went to the window with my ladder. Peering above I could see the gutter's edge and raising the ladder found it reached and managed to hook it fast. Then I got out of the window sill and prepared to mount.

"Trying it carefully with my weight, which made it swing inward against the house, thereby holding better, I nerved myself and stepping from the sill I began my perilous ascent.

"Half way up I thought of the window of the room above where the machinery for my suffocation was being worked—but it was too late to retreat and I must take the chance of not being detected by the worker.

"When my head came above the gutter I saw a light inside that room, but the curtain was fortunately drawn over the glass. With strong but trembling arms I raised myself on the gutter and quietly pulling the ladder after me crawled along like a cat to the corner of the house. As I expected, the mansard roof had the gutter's ledge all around it, but before I could turn its corner my escape was discovered, and I heard low voices evidently proceeding from the window I had just climbed out of. In another moment men with lanterns and a fierce dog were searching the yard, thinking, of course, that I must have gotten down into it.

"Not daring to move and fearing that the bright moon then breaking through a rift in the clouds would expose me to the fellows below, I flattened myself against the roof's edge and waited. Then the moon burst forth shining directly where I hid and I saw or felt that the searchers had found me, for leaving the yard they reentered the house and I could hear them calling to the worker in the attic room behind me. Like a snake but quicker I squirmed around the house corner to its front, found the water pipe and grasping it let myself over and down and slid without much trouble but with many scratches to the street, just as the front attic window opened and a head came forth.

"When I stopped running I was blocks away and safe with my hard-earned gold and only half dressed, but I found a little inn where people were honest and there rested until daybreak among a lot of early-rising market folks who were polite enough to ask no questions.

"Not wishing to make a scandal concerning myself, in which case I would have lost not only my reputation but my bag of gambler's gold, I said nothing to the police."—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE.

A LETTER-CARRIER at Wheeling, W. Va., successfully delivered a letter to a man with the name of George Schwifferwitzerenontherheim.

CAMDEN, N. J., boasts of a blind barber who can shave as well as if he had perfect sight. He works every day and makes regular wages.

THE yells and other characteristic noises made by boys playing baseball in a vacant lot in New York drove a neighboring man insane.

A PROVIDENCE (R. I.) man hired a wheel, pawned it, stole it from the pawnbroker, sold it for a good sum and got arrested all inside of a few hours.

A NEW YORK wholesale merchant says that he cheerfully puts up with the sharp practices of his travelers, who pad their expense accounts, because the sharper the drummer is in that respect, as a rule, the more custom he brings to the house.

Continual Source of Income.

A curious story is told of the manner in which the Rothschilds aided Carafa, the composer. The latter was very

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - OCTOBER 2, 1891.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Auditor General.
ROBERT E. WRIGHT, of Lehigh.
For State Treasurer,
A. L. TILDEN, of Erie.
For Constitutional Convention—Delegates at Large.
Charles R. Buckalew, Columbia.
Chauncy F. Black, York.
George M. Dallas, Philadelphia.
George A. Jenks, Jefferson.
Samuel G. Thompson, Philadelphia.
David W. Sellers, Philadelphia.
Henry W. Scott, Northampton.
Robert E. Monaghan, Chester.
William S. McLean, Luzerne.
Frank M. Vandling, Lackawanna.
John Latta, Westmoreland.
Rodger Sherman, Crawford.
William Weihe, Allegheny.
T. C. Lazear, Allegheny.
Samuel B. Griffith, Mercer.
Grant Weidman, Philadelphia.
George W. Zeigler, Bucks.
R. M. Root, Montgomery.

Democratic County Ticket.

For President Judge,
JOHN P. LINTON, of Johnstown.
For Delegates to Constitutional Convention.
JOSEPH M'DONALD, of Ebensburg.
AUGUSTUS V. DIVELY, of Altoona.
For Sheriff.
JOSEPH A. GRAY, of Carrolltown.
For Poor Director,
JOHN F. LONG, of Ebensburg.
For Jury Commissioner,
E. J. BLOUGH, of Johnstown.

JUDGE ROCKEFELLER of Shamokin has refused to naturalize 270 Slavs who knew nothing of the constitution of the United States.

SATURDAY the 3rd day of October is the last day for the payment of your State and county tax to secure your vote at the ensuing election.

WILLIAM H. KEMBLE, ex-State Treasurer died at his home near Philadelphia, on Saturday night, aged 63 years. The deceased had been twice elected State Treasurer of Pennsylvania and leaves a fortune estimated at $5,000,000. At the time of the Johnstown flood he loaned Governor Beaver $400,000 to be expended by the state, which was afterward repaid by the state.

INSTEAD of protection to the American workingman the principal object of the Republican party at present is to devise means to protect their faithless officials. Auditor General McCamant and State Treasurer Boyer are crying lustily for protection and a meeting of the Republican politicians, with Quay in the center, has been held at Philadelphia to devise the means of escaping the impeachment of these officials by the Senate.

THE deeper the investigation goes into the corrupt practices of the Auditor General and State Treasurer's department of the government and the City Treasurer's office in Philadelphia, the more appalling the scandal grows. Notwithstanding the manœuvreing of the Republican executors of the law, notwithstanding the Herculean efforts that are being made by interested parties to prevent further investigatiin, the fact is still apparent that two officers of the government, high in official positions, representatives of the Republican party, stand convicted before the people of gross negligence and malfeasance in office. One has taken the safer course of evading the legal process of the State and keeps himself out of its jurisdiction, thus avoiding the unpleasant necessity for testifying to damaging things. The other, in his weak struggles to extricate himself from the toils has belittled himself to that extent that he is the laughing stock of the business men of the community. How puerile is the defense which he makes in claiming that the Treasurer of the City of Philadelphia acted as his agent for the purchase of neckties and other nicknacks, giving this as an explanation of his acknowledgments of "favors received" in his letters written to Treasurer Bardsley.

What a strange coincidence it is that whenever City Treasurer Bardsley made an entry in his private books, charging Auditor General McCamant with his share of moneys received out of the advertising pools, and wrote his name upon the stubs of his check book to keep a record of the facts, that Mr. McCamant should just at that time need a necktie of a peculiar pattern and capacious length, and that his eye should just have fallen upon some late publication in book form of some noted work that he desired to possess, and forthwith the spirit should move him to ask his friend Bardsley to purchase it for him and send it by return mail. "Chops and tomato sauce," there is something wonderfully significant in this. But these are dangerous times. The people of the State of Pennsylvania have learned to read, and reading and studying current events, have learned to think intelligently. Such an attempt as this made by a high official whom they have trusted, and who has hoodwinked them, and played upon their credulity, will be taken as an open insult. It is all well enough to charge that the system of the collection of the Mercantile taxes in Pennsylvania, particularly in the City of Philadelphia, offers a premium for this kind of work, that through lapse of time it has grown rotten to the core, nevertheless in such an attack upon the system, no justification can be found for the public official or public officials who have, because of the opportunity been led into dishonest practices, and because private aggrandizement was in sight, have forgotten the injunction. "Thou shalt not steal." No matter if justice has gone astray and these delinquents have escaped punishment in the courts of justice, they have notwithstanding been adjudged guilty in the higher tribunal of public opinion.

THE Johnstown' *Democrat* of Monday has the following sketch of Col John P. Linton our candidate for Judge:

The Democratic nominee for President Judge, Colonel John P. Linton, was born in Johnstown in 1833. Early in life he devoted his time mostly to study, and read law with Hon. Cyrus L. Pershing, who is now President Judge of Schuylkill county. After his admission to the bar in 1854, Col. Linton formed a partnership with Judge Pershing, which lasted until shortly before the breaking out of the Civil War.

When, on April 15, 1861, the day after the capitulation of Major Anderson at Fort Sumpter, President Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers to put down the rebellion, the old Citizen's Guard, of Johnstown, with John P. Linton as captain, was one of the first companies to tender its services for the preservation of the Union. Reporting at headquarters, it was assigned to the 3rd regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, as Company F. The regiment was a part of General Patterson's division. The term of enlistment (three months) having expired, company F was mustered out and the members returned home about August 1, 1861.

Shortly after the return of Company F, the regiment, afterward known as the 54th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was recruited in this part of the state, Cambria county contributing over half the men. Colonel Linton was at first Major and afterward Lieutenant Colonel. The 54th reported at Washington in February, 1862, and spent some time there. It was afterward transferred to take care of a division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, from South Branch to Back Creek, between Cumberland and Harper's Ferry. The history of the regiment is the history of its officers, and none were more constantly at their posts than Colonel Linton. The regiment remained near the place last mentioned for some time, and at the time of Lee's invasion of Maryland and the battle of Antietam, was marched on the National Pike, arriving at Williamsport, on the Potomac, just after Lee had crossed it in his retreat. In the spring of 1864 the forces in that vicinity were concentrated under General Franz Sigel at Martinsburg in the Shenandoah Valley, West Virginia. At the battle of New Market, May 15, 1864, the 54th was engaged in the fight and Colonel Linton was wounded. Returning to New Market after the healing of his wound, he was put in command of a battalion of reeruits. When Gen. Early advanced into the Shenandoah the Union forces fell back to Harper's Ferry and finally to Maryland Heights which they held during his raid in the vicinity of Washington. After that Colonel Linton rejoined the 54th regiment and participated in a severe fight at Snicker's Ford, with a part of Early's force, in which the Union brigade commander was killed and not a field officer escaped unhurt. The Union force then proceeded to Winchester, where they had a battle, and fell back eventually to Williamsport. About that time General Sheridan was put in command of all the troops in that region, and on August 19, 1864, fought Early at what the Unionists generally called Opequan, but generally called by historians the battle of Winchester. Here Colonel Linton was wounded severely, and never returned to the army. The forces of Early were routed at Winchester, and two days later at Fisher's Hill they were again defeated. In October, at Cedar Creek, the whole Confederate army was so completely routed that all organized opposition to the Union authority ceased in the Shenandoah Valley.

After his return from the army, Col. Linton resumed the practice of law. In 1866 he was the nominee of his party for Surveyor General, bet the Democratic State ticket that year met the fate it so long continued to meet in Pennsylvania after the war. In 1867 and '68 Col. Linton served in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, as a member from Cambria county. In 1868, he was the Democratic nominee for Congress, but his district being largely Republican, he was defeated by the Hon. Daniel J. Morrell. In 1880 Colonel Linton was a presidential elector for Hancock, and he was a delegate to the State Convention both times Pattison was nominated for Governor. During the whole or his active career, Col Linton has always been an advocate of Democratic principles. In all the great campaigns he was formost among those who gave much time and labor to assist in achieving the success of the Democratic party.

In casting their suffrages for Colonel John P. Linton, for President Judge, the voters of Cambria county will feel conscious that they are not only contributing toward placing an honor on shoulders in every way worthy of receiving it, but are also helping to put into the highest office in the county a thoroughly competent man, and one who twice voluntarily left a lucrative law practice to draw his sword for the preservation of the Union.

IN another column will be found the proclamation of Governor Pattison, calling an extra session of the Senate to investigate the charges against Auditor General McCamant and State Treasurer Boyer. Governor Pattison has done his duty but whether the Senators will do theirs remains to be seem. Whatever the outcome of the extra session may be, the people at the polls will give their opinion of the party to which these officials belong in November.

THE Johnstown *Tribune*: It is about time that McCamant should resign. He is a hypocritical fraud. No honest man could write such guarded letters. No honest man wants business letters burned, especially when they relate to what should be public business. Get out!

MILKING cows by steam is now a subject of experiment in Scotland. On one farm, hand milking and steam milking are being carried on together with a view to noting the comparative results.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Sept. 26th, 1891. Mr. Harrison has once more humbly bowed down to the will of a State boss, and what made it all the more humiliating was that he had virtually snubbed the same boss in the early days of his administration, by ignoring all of his suggestions in the making of important appointments, but that was before Mr. Harrison was attacked with the second term night-mare, which has made him truckle to men, such as Senator Quay, for whom he must naturally feel the utmost contempt. The boss who has won the latest victory is Mr. M. H. De Young, of California who demanded a place in the Cabinet for his friend, Mr. M. M. Estee, as the price of the California delegation to the Republican National convention next year. His demand was granted and Mr. Estee was promised a place in the Cabinet when the grand shake-up, which is to put Secretary Proctor in the Senate and Attorney-General Miller on the bench, takes place. It is believed that Mr. De Young also insisted upon naming the successor to the late Mr. Swift, who was appointed minister to Japan against the wishes of Mr. Estee and of boss De Young, but it is not certain that he succeeded.

Mr. Wanamaker summoned the District Superintendents of the Railway Mail Service to meet here this week in order that they might have a chance to answer the numerous complaints which have been made against the service and to devise some way of bettering the same, and he will not forget to give each of them confidential instructions before they leave for their stations concerning the part that the clerks in the Railway Mail Service are expected to take in electing or helping to elect Harrison delegates to the nominating convention.

The failure of the wealthy Republican ex-Representative, S. V. White, of New York, better known as "Deacon" White, has been much talked of here, where he is well-known as a Congressman and later as a lobbyist for Wall street interests. He was at the head of the lobby that defeated Ben Butterworth's bill against dealing in options on agricultural products during the last days of the last session and as his failure was brought about by his attempting to corner the supply of September corn it will be seen that if the bill which he went to so much trouble, and spent so much money to defeat had become a law he would still be a millionaire. When he was in Congress he put a "stockticker" in the corridor of the House end of the Capitol building and for a few days he actually ran a branch of his New York brokers office in the Capitol building, but as soon as Senator Carlisle, who was then Speaker of the House heard about it he had the whole business cleaned out in short order.

Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, looking as handsome as ever, dropped into Washington this week, and as he was just from home he was eagerly questioned about the reported rise of a third party in his State. "There is not," the Senator said, "and, in my judgment there will not be a third party in North Carolina. The great body of the Farmer's Alliance are true, consistent and patriotic Democrats, who will faithfully stand by their party. There are a few demagogues in the Alliance who would persuade the others to embrace a third party, or, failing in that, will try to get control of the Democratic party for their own purposes, but be this as it may the Democratic party of North Carolina is solid and will remain so". This does not tally with the reports of the speeches made by Col. Polk of the National Farmer's Alliance, but that is so much the worse for Polk.

Secretary Foster is preparing to go to Ohio, where he proposes to take the stump for the Republican ticket and to assist in the political juggling with which he is so familiar, and by which he hopes to pull McKinley and a Republican legislature through in spite of the real sentiments of a majority of the Ohio voters. It is only Civil Service reform administrations that members of the Cabinet are allowed to leave their duties to go upon the stump in a State campaign.

The plums are dropping mighty slowly from the White House tree, and the impatience among those standing with uplifted faces and open mouths is getting worse and worse, and those of them who have no votes to offer in exchange are beginning to see that they are not "in it".

The Blaine Republicans are, many of them, beginning to suspect that they are being duped in the interest of Mr. Harrison, and that there is some truth in the rumor that as soon as Mr. Harrison is certain that he has secured a sufficient number of votes to make his defeat by any one outside of Mr. Blaine impossible, Mr. Blaine will make a formal statement prohibiting the use of his own name and declaring in Mr. Harrison's favor. If he does there will be a big row in the party. M.

Destructive Storm.

GRAND, Rapids, Mich., Sept. 28.—It is learned that a most destructive storm has passed over the northern portion of this and Beltrami counties, felling an immense amount of pine timber and causing some loss of life. Particulars are impossible to get owing to the remoteness of the section, which is unsettled and unoccupied except by claim holders.

Whole townships are known to have been swept over, The timber has been levelled as grain before the reaper. A cruiser, who has reached here, reports a most marvellous escape. He says the chief of a surveying party in the woods was struck by a tree, and while being taken across the lake in a boat he died. His name is unknown. Several surveying parties were in the section devastated. If half reported is true, there has been damage to pine timber amounting to thousands of dollars, and if it is not immediately cut the loss will reach hundreds of thousands. The centre of destruction was thirty to thirty-five miles this side of the boundary line and immediately north of this place.

People and Cattle Burned to Death.

WILLIAMSPORT, N. D., September 28.—George W. Johnson and his son, who lived near Beaver Creek, were burned to death in the great Emmons county prairie fires. Mr. Tabor, and elderly gentleman living near Williamsport, is seriously burned and will probably die.

No further news can be learned from Holland settlement, twenty-five miles south of Williamsport. Three men are known to have perished in that vicinity. The amount of damage done in the Holland settlement cannot be learned, but it is safe to say that it will not be far from $50,000.

At Winona, twenty miles from Williamsport, a Mr. Pratt, lost forty-three steers, which were taken by the fire and burned to death. Another fire raged on south prairie, and burned out Messrs. Fosburg, Mahony, Hesholy, Houstain and Parker.

A dispatch from Belvidere, Ill., says: There was a big prairie fire about four miles west of here yesterday afternoon, and before it could be got under control it had burned over 200 acres.

A Proclamation.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 27.—Following is Governor Pattison's proclamation, issued yesterday evening calling the Senate in extra session to consider the evidence against Auditor General McCamant and State Treasurer Boyer, in connection with the Bardsley case, with a view of their impeachment:

"PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas, The constitution provides, in article 6, section 4, that 'All officers elected by the people except Governor, Lieutenant Governor, members of the General Assembly and judges of the courts of record, learned in the law, shall be removed by the Governor for responsible cause after due notice and full hearing, on the address of two-thirds of the Senate;

"Whereas, grave charges have been preferred, involving the Auditor General and State Treasurer and most seriously reflecting upon the manner in which their official duties have been performed;

"Whereas, It is proper that diligent inquiry should be made to ascertain whether or not 'reasonable cause' does exist for their removal;

"Whereas, There is in the public mind a profound conviction that the officials referred to, and some of their subordinate, have been grossly inefficient, shamefully negligent, and entirely wanting in due fidelity;

"Whereas, It is the prevailing opinion that some of the officials connected with these offices have been guilty of absolute faithlessness and downright dishonesty in violation of their oaths of office, and of the criminal laws of the Commonwealth;

"Whereas, If any one of the charges so made should be established, appropriate action looking to the removal of the officials involved should be taken by the Senate of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as a duty to the people of the State whose good name has been dishonored and whose money has been stolen, squandered and lost;

"Whereas, John Bardsley, late treasurer of the city and county of Philadelphia, is now a convict in the Eastern penitentiary for embezzlement and misuse of public moneys, a large portion of which would have been in the state treasury long prior to exposure of his transactions had those charged with the administration of the duties of Auditor General and State Treasurer performed them with due fidelity.

"Whereas, John Bardsley's stubborn refusal to disclose any information whatever as to the conduct of these officials has compelled the abandonment of proposed criminal prosecutions at least for a time;

"Whereas, A proper inquiry by the Senate may develop evidence sufficient to satisfy its members that 'reasonable cause' exists for the removal of the Auditor General and State Treasurer; and,

"Whereas, Under the constitution the duty and responsibility of making diligent inquiry and of taking appropriate action in the premises are devolved upon the Senate and the power vested in the executive to give the Senate the opportunity to act,

"Now, therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison, Governor of said Commonwealth, in the discharge of what I conceive to be my duty to 'take care that the laws be faithfully executed,' and by virtue of the power vested in me by the constitution, 'to convene the Senate in extraordinary session by proclamation for the transaction of executive business,' hereby convene the Senate of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in extraordinary session, on Tuesday, the 13th day of October, Anno Domini 1891.

"Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at the city of Harrisburg, this twenty-sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and of the Commonwealth one hundred and sixteenth.

"By the Governor:

"ROBERT E. PATTISON.

"WILLIAM F. HARRITY, Secretary of the Commonwealth."

The Opera House Burned Down.

BUTLER, Pa., September 27.—At 10 o'clock last night the curtain in the opera house was hastily dropped in the middle of the last act of "The Waif" given by the Seward company, and Manager Root came on the stage politely requesting the audience to leave the house. No other explanation forthcoming 2,000 persons filed out into the open air to see the opera house burned to the ground ten minutes afterwards. Fire had broken out in the property room and burned the stage, and scenery, while Manager Root was rapidly explaining to the audience the nearest way out was by the doors. The opera house was burned to the ground with two adjacent stores. Total loss $25,000, with little insurance.

Monument to the Pope.

WASHINGTON, September 28,—This afternoon the marble statue of the Pope, presented to the Catholic Universtity by Joseph Loubal, of New York, was unveiled.

The exercises were simple, but were paricipated in by Cardinal Gibbons and a great number of prominent members of the priesthood, as well as of the laity. Bishop Keene tendered the principal address. The statue is the work of Guiseppe Luchiti, one of the best-known of the modern sculptors. Its cost is said to have been $30,000.

Prisoners Try to Hang a Deputy.

GADESDEN, Ala., September 28.—W. F. Bentley, John Bentley, Harvey Thomas, James Cross and Buren Lethrow, members of a desperate gang of white robbers in jail here, under sentence for robbery and train wrecking, overpowered Deputy Sheriff R. H. Melton this morning. They put a rope about his neck and were hanging him when Policeman Roper appeared and fired on the prisoners. They fled to their cells. Two were wounded. The rope was hurriedly taken from Milton's neck and he was found to be still alive. He will recover.

SWANEETOWN, Ill., Sept. 29.—Enraged at being discharged for alleged neglect of duty, Belle Jamison yesterday drew a revolver and fired at Mrs. Robt. White, a well-known farmer. Mrs. White took the revolver from her, and, her life being still threatened, shot her asshilant through the breast and head, killing her instantly. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The largest steer in Illinois, and probably in the world, weighs 4,500 pounds and belongs to a Macoupiin county farmer.

—A wild goose killed in California had a grain of wheat in it crop, which, when planted, produced a variety hitherto unknown.

—The largest farm in the world is said to be in Louisanna. It is 100x25 miles, and embraces 1,600,000 acres, It cost $50,000 to fence it.

—The four days' fair which closed at Brookville on Saturday was very successful and as a result, the Association will be able to pay off all its indebtedness.

—Some miscreant placed a quantity of croton oil in the coffee at a social dance and supper given at Plainfield, Conn., on Friday night. About thirty persons are seriously ill and two are not expected to live.

—The dead body of an unknown man was found on Sunday morning on the railroad at Grapeville, Westmoreland county. His neck and both legs were broken and it was evident that he had been struck by a passing train.

—Rattlesnakes are said to have a natural antipathy to white ash leaves. Some naturallsts assert that a rattlesnake placed in a circle of half ash leaves and half hot coals will cross the coals rather than encounter the leaves.

—A spring that gushes forth soda water, and in fact forms a huge natural soda water fountain, has been discovered in Oregon. The water is sparkling and effervescent, and when bottled and flavored cannot be distinguished from the artificial beverage.

—William Backoffen, a young man employed as a brakeman at the Edgar Thompson steel works, while attempting to board a shifting engine on Friday, lost his footing and fell under the wheels. Both legs were cut off and he died on his way to the hospital.

—On Saturday evening Mamie Beck, aged 17, who resided near Appollo. Westmoreland county, attempted to kindle a fire in the kitchen with oil. The can exploded and she was enveloped in a sheet of flame and so badly burned that she died the same evening.

—Joan Henry, of South Philipsburg, a miner and brass band teacher, was instantly killed on Saturday by being run over by a train near his home. There is a good deal of indignation that the remains of the unfortunate man were permitted to remain exposed for more than two hours and that an inquest was not held.

Correspondence.

In response to the call of the chairman of the committee on arrangements the 125th Pennsylvania Volunteers held their second reunion on the battle-field of Antietam, in Maryland, on the 17th and 18th of September, 1891. This regiment was composed of four companies from Huntingdon county and six companies from Blair county, including a contingent of about fifty men from Gallitzin and St. Augustine, Cambria county. The veterans to the number of seventy-four met in the old town of Sharpsburg, Md., on the evening of September 16, 1891, near the same ground where they had been twenty-nine years before, and on the eve of which occurred one of the bloodiest battles of the war of the rebellion. We were assigned quarters in the town, the citizens not only preparing quarters for our boys, but also for about a dozen other delegations of veterans from different portions of the country. The number of veterans present was about 1,000, which together with the other visitors would run the number up to about 1,500. The roar of artillery, the braying of bugles and fifes, the rattle of drums soon aroused the old town from its "Rip Van Wrinkle" slumber. It is a typical Maryland town of about 1,400 people, very quiet, off from the railroad, and in the midst of a splendid farming county. The New York and Maine regiments held their camp fire on the evening of the 16th. But I will limit my remarks to the proceedings of our own regiment and shall pass the others by.

The 125th P. V. met at the Dunker church at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 17th, where we had the pleasure of listening to an able historical address by Auditor General McCamant. After the address we proceeded to the house of Mr. G. Lyon, about four miles distant, where the 125th bivouaced the night before battle, and followed as near as we could the route taken on the day of the battle by our regiment from this point, over fields and fences, through woods and ravines, from the east woods to the west woods, across the Hagerstown pike to the right and rear of the Dunker church, where we had our final wind-up on that eventful day. On the day of the battle we were under the command of General Mansfield, whose army corps, the 12th, consisted of two divisions, commanded respectively by General Williams and General Green. The right of Crawford's brigade was the 125th P. V., commanded by the veteran Col. Higgins. The fighting commenced at daylight, Hooker's men in the advance. Mansfield's men supporting the rebels were gradually forced back until a point was reached about midway between our bivouac of the night before, and the Dunker church on the right of the Smoketown road, and to the right of the big spring on S. Pottenberger's farm. Here Hooker's troops were repulsed, having lost terribly in officers and men and Hooker himself being badly wounded. His men gave way, Mansfield's corps had to relieve Hooker, and stem the onward rush of the exultant rebels who, with loud yells, were following up their success.

Right here in front of a strip of woods in an old field to the right (not to the left) of the Smoketown road, during the deployment of Williams' division, our gallant leader, General Mansfield, fell mortally wounded while examining the ground in front of our regiment and was carried to the rear a short distance by Sergeant John Kohoe and Private Samuel Edmiston, of Company K. After carrying the General a short distance to the rear they were relieved by men of the 10th Maine, who now claim it was in front of their regiment and to the left of the Smoketown road where Mansfield was killed, and have at this date a tablet marking the spot. This tablet, however, is a falsehood to the extent of 400 yards at least.

After the fall of Mansfield the command of the 12th corps fell to our General Williams, who pushed his men rapidly forward until our regiment on the right debouched on the Hagerstown pike, between the Dunker church and the house of D. R. Miller, on the pike. We had by this time driven the Confederates about one mile from the spot where Mansfield fell, and the key to their position on this part of the field was in the woods west of the pike, to the right and rear of the Dunker church. Our General determined to make a desperate effort to carry this position of the enemy. Our regiment was the one selected to make the charge. We made the charge in the face of a perfect blizzard of shot, shell and musketry. We drove them back over rocks, stumps of trees and open ground until we were brought to a standstill by a flank fire which raked the entire length of the regiment. No troops could stand long before such a fire, and being without support on our flanks, our Colonel gave the order to fall back. Just as we were recrossing the pike, Sedgwick's troops of Sumner's corps came up and relieved us. Had those troops come on the grounds twenty minutes sooner we could and would have held the position we had just gained. As it was, we had penetrated further into the Confederate lines on this part of the field than any other Union troops did that day. Other troops tried the task afterwards but never succeeded in getting across the pike. Our loss here was frightful—38 killed and 174 wounded, or 232 out of a possible 700. But showing what kind of pluck there was in those young fellows, they wheeled into line with Sedgwick's troops and were ready in ten minutes to renew the deadly work again. The fight raged here with varied success for about two hours, and the the loss on both sides was awful.

Bloody lane presented a ghastly sight, as did also the ground around Burnside's bridge, but no where on Antietam field did the dead and dying lay so thick as around the little Dunker church. On this part of the field fell the Union Generals Mansfield, Hooker, Richardson, Crawford and Hartsuff, as did also the Confederate Generals Stark, Rains, Douglass, Berksdale and Lawton. Night closed the fearful slaughter and ended the bloodiest one day's battle of the war. * * *

On Thursday evening we visited the National cemetery where 4,600 Union soldiers lie buried. This is a lovely spot on the top of a knoll, overlooking almost the whole of the battle field. The Government has expended $300,000 in beautifying this cemetery, and I believe there is not on this earth a more beautiful one. It is pitiable to note that the ages marked upon fully one-third of all the headstones in the cemetery are under 21 years. The oldest one I saw was but 32 years. Well you showed the world what boys could do for home and country! May you all rest in peace is the fervent prayer of a loving comrade. You died in a noble cause! At 8 o'clock P. M., we held our camp fire in the hall of the Antietam Post G. A. R., which was generously turned over to us by that organization. It was a business meeting. Our veteran Col. Higgins was the presiding officer, and showed that he was well versed in parliamentary rules as well as in military tactics. Speeches were made by Messrs. McCamant, Wallace, Simpson, Davison, Hicks and others. While Hicks' speech did not come up to the one he delivered here three years ago, it was a business one, straightforward and easily understood.

Quite a delegation of ladies were present at the reunion, accompanied by their husbands, fathers and brothers, and appeared to be as deeply interested in viewing the scenes upon the battle field and places as were the veterans themselves. Among the ladies present I noticed the estimable wife of Col. Higgins, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Strong and others whose names I am sorry I do not remember. It may be interesting to the lady readers of this sketch to know that Mrs. J. D. Hicks, of Altoona, was pronounced the finest looking lady present. After visiting Keedysboro, Boonsboro and Smoketown, in Maryland; Bolivartown and Heights, in Virginia, and the noted places around, as Point of Rocks, John Brown's fort, the old stone Catholic church up on the heights, said to be eighty years old, the remains of the old arsenal at the ferry, etc., we took the train north at Harper's Ferry at 5:30 P. M., September 19th, and started for home down the Cumberland Valley, arriving at Harrisburg at 2 o'clock, A. M., the next day. I will now close this rambling letter by saying once more to my comrades one and all and friends always, "Bannath Lath."

EMOS.

B. & B.

SOME OF THE NEW
AUTUMN :-: DRESS :-: FABRICS
Shown in these stores are

Tweeds, Homespuns, English Suitings, Scotch Suitings, Austrian Suitings, American Suitings, Camel Hairs, Astrakan Suitings, Beford Cords, Drap de Palerma, Drap de Alma, Rayleno, Rip Saper Stripes, Cheviots, Chevrons, Jacquard Bedfords, Broadcloths, Diagonals, Serges, Lupins Suitings, Plisse, Checks, Stripes, Plaids, etc., etc.

Elegant line of new 40-inch
FANCY SUITINGS,
Homespun Effects,
In various shades of blue, brown and gray colorings, 75 CENTS.
Stylish fabrics and great value for 75 cents.

Opening of
FALL AND WINTER STYLES
in these CLOAK ROOMS this week.

Special sale of Ladies'
BLACK HARE CAPES,
High shoulders, pointed fronts, Medici collar,
$4.00.

VISITORS to the EXPOSITION
Will find many things of interest to be seen in these stores, and if purchasing, much that will prove profitable.
If you cannot come, WRITE
Our Mail Order Department.
Samples and Catalogue upon request.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

NOW IS THE TIME
To buy a Shot Gun or Rifle, and we have the stock to select from. We have them in
Double Barrel BREECH LOADERS,
FROM $8.50 UP.
SINGLE BREECH LOADERS,
FROM $4.00 UP.
Breech Loading Rifles, $2.00 and up; also complete line of Shells, Tools, etc. Largest assortment of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, and Clocks in Pennsylvania.
K. SMIT.
Five stores in one 932 and 934 Liberty street, and 703, 705 and 707 Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa.
N. B.—Send for our new annual Gun Catalogue, No. 18, free of charge. [sep3,91.3m

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

CANCER and Tumors CURED; no knife. Book free. DRS. GRATIONY & BYRNE, No. 165 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

Fall and Winter!

I have just received a large stock of

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

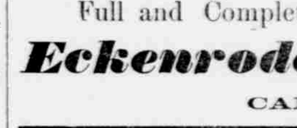
FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE. ALSO, A LARGE LINE OF SCHOOL SHOES.

The Finest line of Shirts and Underwear in the town. Hats and Caps, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Mittens, Rubber Coats, Umbrellas, Boys' Shirts and Waists, Cardigan Jackets, etc. In fact will also find I keep the Latest Styles of Neckwear.

P. S.—Agent for John W. Carroll's Tailoring House.

J. D. LUCAS,
Opposite Cambria House, EBENSBURG, PENNA.

WILLIAM M'KILLIP & CO.,
CASSANDRA, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FARQUHAR VIBRATING SEPARATOR.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Address, A. E. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

We are agents for the Penn Manufacturing Company, of York, Pa., manufacturers of
Engines, - Hay - Bailers, - Threshers,
SAW MILLS,
and all kinds of farming implements. Parties desiring any machinery of the above description will do well to call on or address us.
WILLIAM M'KILLIP & CO.,
CASSANDRA, PA.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!
Overcoats! Overcoats!

We are now prepared to show you the largest and best selected stock of FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS in the county and give you the lowest prices. My line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

is always complete. Am now prepared to show you a much larger assortment than ever before. Call and see me as I will sell you nice goods and save you money. Very Respectfully,

C. A. SHARBAUGH,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
o ct3-90-ly

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
—DEALERS IN—
General :. Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.
Eckenrode & Hoppel,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Our Enormous Spring Stock of Carpets

Foster's are now fully prepared to meet the demands of each of their housekeeper friends as contemplate making the improvements in their homes that Spring always suggests. And in this connection let the fact be recorded that they show as Grand, Varied and Excellent a Stock of

Carpets of Every Kind

and description as can be seen in the larger cities. And being this very desirable state of affairs stands the even more important particular, THE PRICE.

Also, BEAUTIFUL VARIETY OF CURTAINS AND DRAPERIES. New Spring Styles of Dress Goods and Trimmings now ready.

ANDREW FOSTER,
247 & 249 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN.

Every Patriot

should read a good newspaper. In the selection of a newspaper many considerations should govern. First, it should be one that endeavors to give all the news without prejudice. It should be neatly printed on good paper. It should be independent—in favor of all that is good, upright, clean. Such a newspaper is

The Patriot,

printed in Harrisburg. It is under new management—enlarged, handsome, bold in the right fearless in denouncing wrong; it is always and unswervingly Democratic. It is the only Democratic newspaper at the state capital. It makes a specialty of Department news. It is the only paper in central Pennsylvania that receives and prints full Associated Press reports, obtained by it over its own wires. It presents each day special correspondence from all points tributary to Harrisburg, all the Harrisburg news, fashion notes, household hints, domestic recipes, society gossip, scientific, political and humorous articles, short stories and sketches. Its market reports are complete, both as to finance and commerce. Its live stock markets are prepared specially for THE PATRIOT, and have only been successfully imitated by one other newspaper in the state. The Saturday sermon of Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, of London, is a great feature.

THE PATRIOT wants the rascals turned out or locked up. To this end it heartily urges the election of Wright and Tilden as the only means to stop the the plundering of the public treasury.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT, 8 pages, is only $1 a year. It maintains the best features of the daily, including the Spurgeon sermon. First take your home paper, then it. Send for circulars and sample copies (free) of either daily or weekly.

Liberal rates for campaign or otherwise.

Address,
THE PATRIOT COMPANY,
D. A. ORR, President. Harrisburg, Pa.
JOHN C. ORR, Treasurer.

HOTEL LE GRANDE.
H. J. SCHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.
Located at DuBois, Pa., near the B. R. & P. Railway Depot. We always endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.
H. J. SCHETTIG.

WALL PAPER.
Send 10c. to our Mail Department for new samples of 1891. Nice Paper for 6c.; Solid Gold, from 12c. to 80c. Fine Embossed and Bronzed Paper from 25c. to 50c. roll.
J. KERWIN MILLER & CO.,
549 Smithfield St.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
(Mention this paper.)
March6-91-1yr

Mountain House
STAR SHAVING PARLOR
CENTRE STREET, EBENSBURG.
THIS well-known and long established Shaving Parlor is now located on Centre street, opposite the livery stable of O'Hara, Davis & Co., where the business will be carried on in the future. SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING and SHAMPOOING done in the neatest and most artistic manner. Clean Towels a specialty. Ladies waited on at their residence.
JAMES H. GAST,
Proprietor.

BLAIR HOUSE
Barber :-: Shop
A first-class Barber Shop has been opened in the basement of Blair House where the business in all its branches will be carried on in the future. The shop is in the hands of two artists who will give every attention to customers. Everything kept in first-class order. Patronage solicited.
FRANK FEE,
1-30 Proprietor.

FARM FOR RENT.
The subscriber offers for rent his farm in Munster township, along the line of the Ebensburg & Cresson railroad, about two miles from Cresson. Farm contains about 70 acres, about 60 cleared. Possession given on 1st of April. Call on or address the subscriber at Loretto, Pa.
JAMES NOON.
Feb. 27, 1891.

FOR SALE.
The undersigned will sell at private sale pieces of real estate situate in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa., containing respectively sixty six and fifty-five acres and allowance. The property is improved and in good state of cultivation, and will be sold at a reasonable price and upon easy terms. For further information call on or address Alvin Evans, Loretto, Pa., or
LUKE NOON.
December 12, 1890.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - OCTOBER 2, 1891.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—For all kinds of Job work try this office.

—Go to the minstrel show this (Thursday) evening.

—The Ebensburg Opera House will be lighted by electricity.

—Hon. John T. Griffith, of Kane, Pa., is visiting friends in Ebensburg.

—Mr. John Kobler and wife of Kane are visiting relatives in Ebensburg.

—Mrs. Elias Powell of Chicago is visiting relatives in Cambria township.

—Vreeland's Operatic Minstrels will be at the Opera House to-night (Thursday).

—Miss Rose Bearer, of Carroll township, is visiting Miss Mame Shoemaker, of this place.

—Vreeland's minstrels will give one of their inimitable exhibitions at the Opera House, in this place this (Thursday) evening.

—Mr. John W. Roberts, formerly of this place but for the past nine years a resident of Huntingdon is in town taking in the fair.

—J. M. Watson, the well-known gunsmith of Altoona, has an advertisement in this paper that will be of interest to our sporting men.

—Voters who have not paid a state or county tax within two years, must do so on or before October 3, if they wish to vote in November next.

—Jackson's show exhibited here on Friday last to a very small audience both in the afternoon and evening. Want of printers' ink seems to be its failing.

—Mr. John O'Toole, of Johnstown, has been appointed to a clerkship in the Corporation Office at Harrisburg at a salary of fourteen hundred dollars per year.

—Mrs. W. W. Duncan, who is a daughter of Mr. John D. Davis, of Barr township, died at Provo City, Utah, on the 12th of September 1891, aged forty-two years.

—Samuel Green, who shot and stabbed John Hosterman, at the Highland Fling Hotel, in Reade township, some weeks ago was arrested at Gallitzin, on Tuesday.

—On Monday morning three bay horses were stolen from G. W. Youngman, of of Williamsport. The thief is being pursued and the officers have hopes of capturing him.

—John Quigley, Jr., was brought to jail from Johnstown on Tuesday for burglarizing the saloon of Michael Boyle in that city a few nights ago. Quigley was caught in the act.

—Mrs. Adam Vickroy, an aged lady living on Beushoff hill, near Johnstown, had her right arm broken on Monday last by being thrown from her door step by a pet dog jumping against her.

—Vreeland's Operatic Minstrels at the Opera House to-night. It is not often that Ebensburg people have a chance to hear such things so fine as Vreeland's and they should not miss this opportunity.

—A game of base ball was played at St. Lawrence on the 27th ult., between nines from St. Lawrence and Hastings which resulted in a victory for the nine from the former place by a score of 11 to 4.

—Mr. Joseph Rhodily, of Coalport, who was in jail for the murder of Solomon Ginter, was released at Clearfield on Saturday last on his entering into recognizance in the sum of $5,000 for his appearance at Court.

—Thomas R. Marshall, a well known lumberman and business man of Johnstown, on Saturday last made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. His liabilities are placed at $18,000 and his assets at $5,000.

—Mr. Fred. W. Kittell and Mr. Michael McCabe, both of Braddock, and both former Ebensburg boys are here on a short visit to their native heath. Both are looking well and appear as if Braddock air agreed with them.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* says: A number of Russian Jews have been brought from New York City to Johnstown, by the Cambria Iron Company to work in their mines and mills. They will reside in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards.

—The Sons of Veterans, of this place, have leased the Opera House, or rather the room used for exhibitions, meetings, etc. They will use it for their meetings, and will also rent it out for exhibition purposes, etc the same as heretofore.

—Mrs. Samuel Hazelette, of Blairsville, aged about sixty years, committed suicide by hanging herself to a rafter in her coal house on Saturday morning. She had been in delicate health for some time and it is thought that her mind was deranged.

—Near Blairsville on Saturday Frank Samica, an Italian, who had a bag full of apples on his shoulder, started down a hill toward the railroad depot on a run, and notwithstanding that he saw an engine coming he did not stop and was run down and killed.

—Charles W. Deau, Superintendent of the Sioux City, Ia., public schools, was on Saturday elected principal of the Indiana Normal School, to succeed Dr. Z. Y. Snyder. Prof. Deau was formerly superintendent of the McKeesport, Allegheny county, public schools.

—H. S. Kiser, near Derry, was plowing with two horses, Wednesday, when one of them stepped into a ground hog hole, broke its leg and fell over. The other horse plunged forward, throwing the plow point into the injured animal's body and causing death soon afterward.—*Westmoreland Democrat.*

—Sheriff Stineman, of this place, while on his way home from Philadelphia on Saturday last was taken violently ill with cramps when near Altoona. When he reached that place he was compelled to step off and call in the services of a physician. He has since entirely recovered and is able to be about again.

—The marriage license law went into effect on the 1st of October 1885, six years ago. Up to the first of October 1891 there has been 3,040 marriage licenses issued, or an average of 508 per year. The first year the couples tried doubling up; the 2nd year 471; the third year 684; the fourth year 454; the fifth year 659 and last year 770.

—The Independent Cornet Band, of Gallitzin, furnished the music for our fair this week. The members of the band are a clever set of fellows and good musicians, and in the evenings after the fair closed rendered some fine music on our streets, for which our people are under obligations. Ebensburg will always be glad to welcome them back.

—A man named James Wright, a paymaster on the new railroad, was attacked by two Italians on Friday last and badly beaten, at a point called Peru, between Rock's Mills and Suittmatter's. After Wright escaped from their hands he discovered that he had been robbed of a check calling for nearly $1,000. Payment on the check has been stopped.

—Elisha Dixon, an employe of the Cambria steel works at Johnstown, while standing on the vessel plate, a floor elevated about thirty feet above the ground floor of the mill, on Tuesday was overcome by the heat, fainted, and fell to the floor beneath sustaining injuries from which it is thought he cannot recover. He is about 35 years of age and has a large family.

—The merry-go-round seems to be one of the principal attractions at the fair.

—The Ebensburg schools were closed during the present week on account of the fair.

—A special train from Ebensburg to Cresson and back is run every evening during the fair.

—Miss Kate O'Neill, of this place, who has been visiting in Pittsburg, returned home to-day (Thursday.)

—On Thursday afternoon Vreeland's band will render some fine music at the fair grounds. Go and hear them.

—One very good reason why a man should tell the truth is, that it is not the tax on his memory that a lie would be.

—A new daily paper is soon to be issued from the *Sun* office in Altoona. It will be a penny paper and Democratic in politics.

—Another shooting match will likely come off on the fair grounds on Thursday. The marksmen in attendance all want to try it over.

—Mr. P. F. Brown, of the Central hotel has purchased another black horse and now has a fine team of matched blacks to run in his 'bus.

—Francis McCoy a prominent and well known business man of Hollidaysburg, died at his home in that place on Monday in the 74th year of his age.

—The attendance at the fair on Tuesday was not large but was a fair turn-out for the opening day. Wednesday was better, and to-day (Thursday) promises to be a boomer.

—At the Hollidaysburg fair on Thursday last week it is estimated that 6,000 people were on the grounds. The fair was the most successful one ever held in Blair county.

—The new two-dollar bills being issued are said to be beauties, and will be accepted in payment of subscription to the FREEMAN if presented at this office within the next three months.

—James M. Lawson, a resident of Ligonier, was arrested on Saturday last, charged with counterfeiting. He was taken to jail at Pittsburg. Lawson has long been known as a dangerous man.

—A foot race was run on the fair grounds on Wednesday afternoon between Robert Simpson, Bert Adams, William Pritchard, William Howard and Harry Shinafelt, in which Simpson was an easy winner.

—On Monday night burglars attempted to enter the residence of Samuel Dean at East Conemaugh by way of a second-story window, but were frightened off before they succeeded in gaining an entrance.

—While John Silvis, of Pleasant Unity, Westmoreland, was crossing a bridge near that place, with s steam engine, it gave away, precipitating him and the engine into the creek, 10 feet below. Mr. Silvis was considerably injured and the engine badly damaged.

—Professor Stewart, the aereonaut who made the ascension from the Hollidaysburg fair grounds on Friday last in a balloon and jumped out when at the height of about one thousand feet, landed safely, but got a ducking by landing in the Juniata river.

—There has been a good deal of surveying done by a corps of B. & O. Engineers in the southern part of Cambria county and the northern end of Somerset the past two weeks, and our friends in that quarter are considerably elated at the prospect of a railroad.—*Somerset Herald.*

—The statement of business on all lines of the Pennsylvania railroad company east of Pittsburg and Erie for August, 1891, compared with the same month in 1890, shows an increase in net earnings of $150,384. All lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for August, 1891, compared with the same month in 1890, shows an increase in net earnings of $88,950.

—On Monday morning, Miss Agnes Cosgrove, sister of Dr. W. B. Cosgrove, of Derry, was, perhaps, fatally injured in a runaway accident at that place. She was hurled from the buggy and, when found lying by the roadside, she was unconscious. Several of her ribs were broken, her spine was injured and she is hurt internally. The vehicle is a complete wreck.

—The Greensburg Coal Company's stables, east of Greensburg, were destroyed by fire early on Sunday morning. Eighteen mules, fifty tons of hay, thirty sets of harness, and corn and grain were destroyed, with a loss of $6,000 and small insurance. Desperate efforts were made to save the animals, which were uncontrollable through fear. The property was owned by Congressman George F. Huff and Richard Coulter.

—Notwithstanding it was reported that no gambling games would be allowed either on the fair ground or inside of the borough limits during the fair, the resolution of virtue so far as the borough officials were concerned seems to have been easily overcome. One man operated his machine at the diamond and at the corner of High and Julian streets without molestation and his pocket book waxed fat on the credulity of his dupes.

—A. D. Shoemaker, of Spring Church, Armstrong county, says the Kittaning *Times*, has a mare that stands six feet four inches high, or nineteen hands high; from the tip of her nose to the end of her tail is just 19 feet 4 inches, over a rod, she weighs 3,000 pounds and is only in average condition, it is estimated that she could be made weigh 2,800 pounds, and she is only six years old. This mare was sired by a Clyde, weighing 1,800 pounds, and his dam was a Morgan mare weighing 1,100 pounds. Mr. Shoemaker has refused big money for her.

—A contemporary observes: "One of the greatest miseries is the want of money. It is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and be without the means to satisfy it; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you; to forfeit your credit; to be at the power of another and to be indebted to his lenity; to stand convicted of having played the knave or fool, and have no way left of escaping contempt except by incurring pity. The suddenly meeting of a creditor, on turning the corner of a street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, shatters the nerves."

—George Wainright, charged with forgery, made a bold attempt for liberty from the Greensburg jail on Wednesday morning of last week. A party of the prisoners, Wainright among them, was directed to scrub the corridor of the prison. At a moment when the jailer's eye was not directed toward them, Wainwright went up to the third tier and, lying down, waited until the door was opened for the admittance of visitors. When this was done he donned false whiskers, which he manufactured himself, and walked out unrecognized. He was missed soon after, and was found on his way to the passenger depot. He was put in a dungeon cell.

The shooting match at the fair grounds on Wednesday was participated in by the following named gentlemen: E. E. Brilhart, J. E. Harder, William McClarren, Marshal Decker, James Heines, Bernard Armstrong, Joseph Anderson, Wm. E. Shields and E. Campbell. The distance was 100 yards off-hand and the prizes were won as follows: First prize $27 to Marshal Decker, of Huntingdon, score 104; second prize $18, to J. E. Harder, of Clearfield, score 8100; third prize $9 to James Heines, of Coalport, score 95; fourth prize $6, a tie between Bernard Armstrong and Joseph Anderson, scores 91. The highest possible score that could be made, would be 120.

—The dwelling house of Miss Alice Wharton, in St. Augustine, was discovered to be on fire about midnight on Saturday, and the flames made such headway that the occupants of the house had barely time to escape with their lives. Con. Dunn, formerly of this place, who was stopping with Miss Wharton, lost some money and a silver watch. Miss Wharton was postmistress at St. Augustine and the postoffice was kept in the burned building. Miss Wharton's loss is estimated at about $1,000, which is partially covered by insurance.

—The following is reported as the latest scheme of the tramp swindlers who infest different parts of the country the year around. Two rogues watch the newspapers for estray notices, when one of them goes and looks at the animal. Of course the unsuspecting farmer, on application, shows the beast, and the fellow decides it is not his, and then goes to his partner and describes the animal minutely to him. No. 2 then goes to the farmer, and after proving by a thorough description that he is the owner of the animal says he cannot well take it away, and offers to sell it at a bargain. The farmer buys and in a few days the rightful owner comes along and claims the animal, and the farmer is just out that much.

—The erection of marble is the last work of respect to the memory of departed friends, and is a custom which has been followed from the earliest ages of antiquity. For many years J. Wilkinson & Son have been in the marble business in Ebensburg and through their energy and honorable dealings, they have built for themselves a reputation for doing their work in a most artistic manner. Their work is an ornament to the town as well as a credit to themselves. We are giving them no more notoriety than they deserve, and to prove our assertion, go to their establishment and see for yourself. They take pleasure in showing their work, whether you wish to purchase or not. They have on exhibition at their works two car-loads of monuments and headstones, and in April and May will receive two car-loads more. They will then have a large assortment of the latest styles for customers to select from. They have arrangements made with wholesale granite dealers so that they can fill all orders for granite monuments and headstones in a short time and as cheap as can be done anywhere. They buy their stock in such large quantities that they defy competition. They also have the agency for the Champion Iron Company and are prepared to furnish all kinds of fencing or anything in iron. Persons wishing to purchase anything in their line of business would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as they have as fine, if not the finest stock of marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Give them a trial and you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

The Races.

On Tuesday the farmers race for horses owned in the county that had never beaten 3:40 came off. Purse $40, first prize $20, second prize $12, third prize $8.

In this race were six enteries, J. L., bay stallion, by Samuel Kelly; Fly, black mare, by Charles Miller; Tom H., sorrel horse, by Walter Weakland; Dexter, sorrel horse, by H. J. Hoppel; Farmer Girl by W. B. Brothers and Maud B., sorrel mare by P. F. Brown.

First money was taken by Fly in three straight heats the first in 3:07½; the second in 2:58; and the third in 2:59. Farmer Girl won second prize and Sam H., third prize.

On Wednesday the 3:10 race for horses in the county ninety days, came off for a purse of $60.

In this race Black Nellie was entered by F. C. Platt; Maud B., by P. F. Brown, and Charlie D., by S. W. Davis.

The first heat was won by Charlie D. in 3:07¼. The second heat was given to Black Nellie, although Charlie D. was first under the wire in 3:00½, but on account of Charlie D.'s running, the heat was awarded to Black Nellie. The third heat was won by Charlie D. in 2:58. The fourth and last heat was won by Charlie D. in 2:53. In this race Charlie D. won first prize; Black Nellie second prize, and Maud B. third prize.

The Fair.

The first exhibition of the Ebensburg Agricultural Society opened on Tuesday under flattering auspices. Early on Tuesday morning it rained heavily for an hour or more and the clouds of dust that during the previous week followed every vehicle that traveled our streets disappeared, and the weather, after giving the ground a generous sprinkling, cleared up and proceeded to do its best to give the Ebensburg Agricultural Society a chance to show what it is for.

The main exhibition building is filled with merchandise all tastefully arranged and reflects great credit on our merchants for the artistic manner in which the building is deco rated and their goods displayed.

Machinery hall is filled with all kinds of farming implements and machinery used by the husbandmen.

The live stock exhibits are particularly fine and well worth the price of admission. The horse stock is especially worthy of note, as there are some very fine specimens of that noble animal. The cattle exhibit does not cotnain as many animals as it should, but among those on the ground are some very fine ones.

Ho, For The Exposition!

The big Pittsburg Exposition opened in a blaze of glory on September 2nd, and all indications point to a successful show. Most of our country cousins will visit it before the close. City folks will thus have an opportunity to show their hospitality in return for favors received. We learn with regret that Major Max Klein, owing to a press of business, was unable to arrange a display this season, as in former years. Visitors to the city should by all means take a peep at his model establishment, No. 82 Federal street, Allegheny, which is within a stone's throw of the Ft. Wayne and West depots. They can then return home with the satisfaction of having seen the largest and best equipped wholesale liquor house in this section of the State—the headquarters of those world-famed brands of absolutely pure Whiskies, "Silver Age" and "Duquesne." The former sells at $1.50 and the latter at $1.25 per full quart. Major Klein, it may be added, also keeps in stock Bear Creek, Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson and Overholt, and the finest old whiskies, brandies, wines, cordials, etc. Call and see him.

Scared by a Steam Engine.

While driving near New Enterprise Thursday evening of last week Elmer Corle and Ben Brightbill, of this place, had a little experience with a steam engine that they will not soon forget. They were entering the town when met by the engine of Nicholas Clouse. They drove slowly on, expecting the engine to stop or the man in front to take charge of their horse until they had passed, neither of which was done. The horse frightened and became unmanageable, turning around in the road and throwing the occupants of the buggy to the ground. Brightbill was injured in the back and Corle had his ankle slightly sprained, but neither of the men were seriously hurt. The horse ran down the road about a mile, doing considerable damage to the buggy, but was then caught and brought back. If the owners of such engines would stop when they see a team approaching many serious accidents might be avoided.—*Bedford Inquirer.*

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, September 30th, 1891:

Joseph M. O'Donnell, Cresson, and Mary Dalton, Bennington, Blair county.

J. H. Mallern and N. B. Stone, Johnstown.

Charley Brown and Hattie Davis, Johnstown.

Harry Jones and Emma Badman, Johnstown.

Andrew G. Morgan, Scranton, Lackawanna county, and Annie J. Marks, Johnstown.

Robert Purse, Allegheny City, Pa., and Mary J. Bishop, Johnstown.

Francis B. Downs, Pittsburg, and Annie McCarty, Johnstown.

Richard Felker, Lilly, and Ellen Conogue, Washington township.

Martin M. Hicks and Mary J. Harvey, Gallitzin.

David J. Davis and Martha M. Elliott, Johnstown.

Michael Cain and Mary A. Frankhauser, Taylor township.

Frank Klenner, Geistown, and Mary Bewak, Johnstown.

Peter McDonnell and Mary Ellen Shanley, Ehrenfeld.

Joseph Penatzer and Mary Geisler, Summerhill.

The Dedication at Loretto.

On Tuesday the Memorial chapel to the Reverend Father Gallitzin, at Loretto, was dedicated. A great many people were present and the ceremonies were unusually impressive. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Michaels church, in which the following named clergymen took part: Celebrant, Rev. J. C. Farran, Johnstown; deacon, Rev. H. McHugh, Wilmore; subdeacon, Rev. Father Rosensteel, Ashville, and master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Kittell, pastor of the church.

Rev. Father Boyle, of Johnstown, preached an eloquent sermon in which he referred briefly to the life and trials of Father Gallitzin, in his efforts to plant the faith on the Alleghenies. After the sermon and the conclusion of the Mass a procession was formed headed by a number of little girls dressed in white, the Loretto cornet band, the Reverend clergy and a large concourse of people they moved to the chapel when Very Rev. E. A. Bush, of Altoona, dedicated the chapel to the service of God. A high Mass was then celebrated by Father Rosensteel, of Ashville, which concluded the dedicatory services.

—A large saw mill operated and owned by A. F. John, on the Holdeman, tract, was totally destroyed by fire, together with some lumber and shingles in close proximity to the mill, at 10:30 o'clock last Thursday evening. Cause of the fire unknown. Some of the workmen had returned from an apple cutting about 10 o'clock, discerned no fire. As the mill was in active operations daily it might have been caused by a spark firing refuse, which smothered until fanned into a blaze. Loss, about ten or twelve hundred dollars; fully insured. Mr. John expects to have repairs completed promptly, in order to resume operations.—*Meyersdale Commercial.*

Miscellaneous Notices.

THE subscriber respectfully calls the attention of the people of Loretto and Allegheny township to the fact that he has a large and fine stock of groceries, flour, feed, boots and shoes, canned goods of all kinds, cigars and tobacco which he will sell at prices as low, if not lower, than can be had at any other place in Loretto.

☞Boots and shoes neatly repaired.

JAMES O'DONNELL.

THE Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria county at a meeting of the Directors held September 18 1891, passed a resolution the substance of which is as follows. This company will not be liable for any loss caused by use of a steam thresher, steam hay press, nor other steam engine on the premises, nor for any loss, where such engine has been used, occurring within twelve hours after the fire has been removed from the furnace.

LOST!—Between Chest Springs and Carrolltown on Wednesday, September 23, a lady's sague, color light brown or tan, with braid trimming down the front suitable reward offered if left at Mr. Ferry's store, Chest Springs.

STRICTLY No. 1 Road Carts for $10.00 at Dultons & Son's.

GENUINE Irish horse collars for $3.00 at Dultons'.

ARGUMENT LIST.

Following is the list of causes set down for argument at Argument Court to be held first Monday in October, 1891:

Bradley.....vs. J. C. Scott & Son.
Maxwell.....vs. Leahey.
Commonwealth.....vs. Wissel.
Saylor.....vs. Laverty.
In re widening Clinton street, 3rd ward, Johnstown city.
H. W. Ahlers & Co.....vs. O'Brien.
Strayer.....vs. Bradley.
Morrow assignee.....vs. Caldwell.
Fletcher, Smitten and Fowler.....vs. Pringle.
Williams.....vs. Vinton.
Eger.....vs. Gessler.
In re petition of Ignot Kole for rule on F. Ebig, constable.
In re exceptions to report of S. L. Reed, Esq., auditor Moorhead personal property.
In re exceptions to report of Jno. M. Rose, Esq., auditor Moorhead real estate.
Miller.....vs. Weakland.
Shiffler.....vs. Crum.
Poor Overseers Clarion county.....vs. Poor Directors Cambria county.
Hastings borough.....vs. Delozier.
Heslop committee.....vs. Strayer.
In re contested election Wilmore borough.
Gray.....vs. Gray & Wyland.
Stackes.....vs. Stine.
Glasgow.....vs. Shoemaker.
Common wealth.....vs. Jno. Kegg.
In re alteration of lines between Barr and Susquehanna townships. JAS. C. DARBY, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's office, Ebensburg, Sept. 25, 1891.

GUNS!

REVOLVERS, POWDER,

SHOT, SHELLS, WADS,

Fishing Tackle, and all Kinds of Sporting Goods.

J. M. WATSON,

1113 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞Repairing neatly and promptly done. oct2.3m.

Valuable Real Estate

FOR SALE!

A LOT of ground in the West ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa. fronting on Sample street having thereon erected a

FRAME HOUSE

and outbuildings, all in good repair. For terms or particulars call on or address

JOHN NEALAN, Nicktown, Pa., or M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $50 to $20 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

TO the voters of Cambria county.

I hereby announce myself as an independent candidate for the office of Poor Director on the platform of the People's party. If elected, I pledge myself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and to the best of my ability.

FLORENCE WILLEBRAND.

Aug. 28, 1891. Allegheny township.

M. D. KITTELL,

Attorney-at-Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

T. W. DICK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

☞Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-'4-9

DONALD E. DUFTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PENNA.

☞Office in Opera House, Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PENNA.

☞Office on Centre street, near High.

H. H. MYERS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞Office in Colonade Row, on Centre street.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh.

ARE YOU COMING TO THE PITTSBURG EXPOSITION?

YOU CAN PAY YOUR EXPENSES IF YOU BUY YOUR DRY GOODS HERE.

OUR STORE IS A PERFECT EXPOSITION OF ALL KINDS OF LADIES' WEAR FROM SHOES TO MILLINERY.

CARPETS, CURTAINS, UPHOLSTERY, DRESS GOODS, SILKS, VELVETS, SUITS, JACKETS, WRAPS, MILLINERY, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, TRIMMINGS, LACES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR, DOMESTICS AND BLANKETS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS AND SHOES

AT LOWEST PRICES!

WE CAN FIT YOU STYLISHLY, ELEGANTLY, OUT ECONOMICALLY

FROM HEAD TO FOOT!

This is the ONLY store in the two cities where ladies can buy every conceivable article of wearing apparel under one roof and by so doing

SAVE TIME, MONEY, TROUBLE.

When VISITING the EXPOSITION Come in and Price Our Goods.

YOU PAY US A VISIT, The visit pays you.

IF YOU CAN'T COME TO THE CITY SEND FOR SAMPLES TO OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

CAMPBELL & DICK,

83, 85, 87 & 89 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURGH.

Send for free copy of our Illustrated Fall Catalogue.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises, on

THURSDAY, OCT. 8, 1891,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

A piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, bounded by lands of William Wharton, Joseph A. Yahner, Luke Behe, and Henry J. Kirkpatrick, containing

37 ACRES,

more or less, and having a PLANK HOUSE and STABLE thereon erected.

Terms of Sale:

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; the balance of one-third at the confirmation of sale; one-third in six months, and one-third in one year from the confirmation of sale. Deferred payments to be interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

FRANCIS L. LITTLE, Exector of William Little, deceased.

Loretto, Pa., September 18th, 1891.3t.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALABLE

REAL ESTATE!

THE undersigned will expose to public sale at the Alpine Hotel at Flynn City, Reade township, Cambria county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1891,

at one o'clock, P. M., the following described Real Estate, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Reade township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Nancy Sneath, Samuel W. Turner, P. & A. Flynn, John Clark and others, containing

100 ACRES,

more or less, which is heavily covered with timber, and underlaid with valuable seams of coal

TERMS OF SALE:

Ten per cent of purchase money to be paid at the time of sale; the balance of one-third on delivery of deed; one third in six months from the time of sale; and the remaining one-third in twelve months from the time of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage of purchaser.

CHRISTIAN WALTERS, Executor of George Walters, deceased

Flinton, Pa., Sept. 4, 1891.3t.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on **Wednesday, September 30th, A. D. 1891**, by John Louden, W. L. Shellenberger, W. S. Lee, W. J. Heinsling, Wm. Loudon, F. G. Patterson, Andrew Kipple, W. T. Forsythe, S. J. Westley, Joseph Keamer, George Adams and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved the 29th day of April, A. D. 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "THE RICHLAND COAL COMPANY," the character and object of which is to carry on the business of mining, quarrying, selling and buying, shipping and and transporting coal, iron ore, fire clay, stone, and other minerals, and the manufacture and purchase and sale of coke and other products of coal, and of fire clay, fire brick and quarried stone, and otherwise dealing in coal, coke, and other products of coal, fire clay, iron ore, fire brick and quarried stone, and the exercise of all such powers and privileges as are granted to such corporations under the laws of said Commonwealth.

GREEVY & PATTERSON, Sept. 11.3t Solicitors, Altoona, Pa.

ARGUMENT LIST.

The following cases will be presented for argument at Argument Court, October 5, 1891:

No. 1. In re petition of Mrs. Ann Fenn, administratrix of Jno. Fenn, deceased to take off absolute confirmation of report of W. H. Storey, auditor of said estate. Rule to show cause.

No. 2. In the matter of the exceptions to the second account of W. B. Purdey and John Given, executors of Thomas Powell, deceased.

No. 3. In the matter of the proceedings in partition in the estate of Jeremiah McConigle, late of Washington township, deceased, and exceptions filed thereto.

No. 4. In the matter of the exceptions to sale of real estate in estate of Elizabeth Deerbeck, deceased.

No. 5. In the matter of the exceptions filed to the report of F. J. O'Connor, auditor appointed to report distribution of the funds in the hands of J. Kuntz, administrator of Samuel Page, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR, Ebensburg, Pa., Sept. 26, 1891. Clerk O. C.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on **Friday, the 9th day of October, 1891**, by N. W. Fredericks, R. L. Bower, J. T. Fredericks R. W. Fredericks and Howard G. Flurd, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "CAMBRIA FIRE BRICK COMPANY," the character and object whereof is to mine fire clay and coal and to manufacture all kinds of fire brick, tile, etc., out of fire clay, and for these purposes, to have, possess and enjoy all the rights benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

J. T. FREDERICKS, Aug. 11, 1891.3t. Solicitor.

BARGAINS!

SIMON'S' SHOES.

Every three months we make a clearing sale of Shoes, which means we close out odds and ends on hand of the season's purchases. We do not like the idea of carrying old stock over, and in order to dispose of it to make room for incoming new goods, we have arranged a GREAT MARK-DOWN S LE which will please all purchasers. This big sale begins

Saturday, August 15th, 1891.

How long it will continue depends on circumstances. Shoes are sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICES. We have reduced

Ladies' Heavy Grain Leather, from	$1.70 and $1.24 to	$ .98.
Ladies' Fine Dress, from	1.74 and 1.98 to	1.24.
Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid, from	2.00 and 2.25 to	1.48.
Ladies' Great Comfort Kid	1.75 and 1.98 to	1.35.
Ladies' and Misses' Spring Heel, from	1.50 and 1.75 to	1.35.
100 pairs Boys' Mining Brogans, from		1.00 to .75.
500 pairs Infants' Shoes, from	.30 and .35 to	.22.
Men's Patent Leather Kangaroo, from		4.00 to 3.25.
Men's Fine Calf, from	2.00 and 2.25 to	1.50.
250 Men's top-sole Brogans, from	1.25 and 1.35 to	1.10.
50 pairs Men's Hand-Sewed, from		3.48 to 2.50.

Umbrellas! Umbrellas!

We sell Umbrellas, lots of them, every week, are made of excellent material, fast in color, good handles and frames, the best we can get. We quote prices:

24 inch Serge Oxtie Caps	$ .65.
26 inch Serge Oxtie Caps	.75.
26 inch Gloria Gold Caps	1.24.
28 inch Gloria Gold Caps	1.48.
26 inch Gloria Horn Caps	1.75.
2 inch Gloria Silver Caps	1.98.

Many better grades will be found on our counters.

We wish to inform all good people of Gallitzin and vicinity of

Our Great Blanket and Hap Sale.

It is rather early for such goods, and still it is not. The season is getting very close, therefore we give you all a chance to save

FIFTY - PER - CENT!

58x78 good Blankets	$1.25.
58x78 good Blankets	1.48.
58x78 all-wool Blankets	1.98.
58x78 all-wool Blankets	2.24.
58x78 all-wool Red Blankets	2.98.
Good Haps	.98.
Good Size Haps	1.24.
Extra Size Haps	1.50.
Good Haps	1.98.

Our Fall and Winter Goods,

such as Dry Goods, Clothing, Furniture, Trunks, Notions, Gents' Furnishings, Carpets, Oil Cloth, Hats and Caps, are nearly complete. In all of our goods mentioned you will find WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

SIMON & CO.,

The Largest Dealers in Gallitzin.

Are you coming to the Ebensburg Fair? If so, we extend to you an invitation to call and examine our stock of Dry Goods, Millinery, Notions, Coats and Ladies' Furnishing Goods.

We have taken special care in selecting our stock and assure you our prices are right.

In addition to our regular stock, we have some specialties which we are selling very much under price. Good Fall Dress Goods, double width, from 12 1-2 cents up. Ladies' Black Fur Muff at 50 cents. Good quality Ladies' Short Coat as low as $1. Long Coats at $2.00. Trimmed Hats at $1.00.

We have also secured a large lot of Ladies' linen hemstitch Handkerchiefs, good size, which we are selling at 5 cents and guarantee to be worth more than double the money.

MRS. R. E. JONES.

"QUINN'S,"

New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

JAMES QUINN.

Duff's Mercantile College.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

This old and reliable institution has prepared thousands of young men and woman for the active duties of life. To those in want of a useful, practical education, circulars will be sent on application. [Sep18.2m] P. DUFF & SONS.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to which reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

C. A. LANGBEIN,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from.....50c. up.
Team Bridles, from.....$1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from.....75c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from.....$6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from.....$10.00 up.

☞Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞Shop Barker's Row on Centre street. apr12'91

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE Both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

LILLY BANKING: CO., LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

feb5'90. LILLY BANKING CO., Lilly, Penna.

JUST RECEIVED!

—A LARGE LOT—

Boots & Shoes

—BOUGHT AT—

Sheriff's Sale!

—FROM THE STOCK OF—

W. E. SCHMERTZ & CO., PITTSBURG, PA.

The public invited to call. Prices away down.

JNO. LLOYD & SONS.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE

The undersigned will sell at private sale all that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Loretto, Pa., fronting on St. Joseph's street and bounded on the north by an alley, and on the south by lot of Mrs.

OYSTER PLANTING.

How the Natives Are Bred on the Shore of Chesapeake Bay.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Growth and Development of the Bivalves Under the Law's Protection.

When the Chesapeake oysterman has put away the tongs and dredge, tied up his boat and balanced his books in the spring, he immediately turns his attention towards laying out new parks or rehabilitating the old ones, says the Philadelphia Times. The close of the season for oysters in the Chesapeake bay and its tributaries is from April 15 to September 15, and there is a vast amount of work to be performed ere the tongman or dredger can again hoist sail on his pungy or canoe and offer his cargo for sale in the city markets.

It has been a matter of great concern among the authorities regarding the depletion of the oyster crop in Chesapeake waters by overdredging or through other sources of apparent destruction. But the enactment of wise laws from time to time and the rigid enforcement of the same have in a measure checked the wanton annihilation of the oyster parks, and thus, while many new ones have been laid out, the old ones have had time to recuperate.

The law prohibits the taking of oysters on Sunday or at night, and during the close season not more than five bushels per day are permitted to be taken, and no oysters in the shell are allowed to be sold outside the boundary of the state of Maryland.

A park consists of five acres of marine territory, which may be selected by any native first taking out a license for the same, at any convenient point, so as not to interfere with or obstruct navigation. The place usually selected is in the quiescent waters of some cove or creek, and, if for tonging purposes, in shallow waters and upon as hard a bottom as it is possible to secure. Owing to the remarkable fecundity of the oyster two or three years is sufficient to afford a paying park. The sandy bottom is first covered with several loads of oyster shells, which are spread about evenly, to which the spat may adhere in the process of generation.

The old parks are carefully gone over with a light rake in order to remove the weeds and the accumulation of their foreign substances, and clay pipes, old shoes and pieces of chain have been taken up to which adhered rom fifty to sixty young fry all the way rom the size of a three-cent piece to a ilver quarter. This raking also has a endency to break up the density and ompactness of the oysters and affords hem greater facility to attain their atural shapes—the elongated shell, nown in oyster parlance as the "cat's ongue," deriving this abnormal shape rom the fact that compression prevents ts expanding properly during its outh, and many curious freaks in hape of shell are in the museums, aused by negligence and failure to reiew this density at the proper time.

The spawn of the female is reputed to produce over one million young, and it is during this period that the oyster has a very thin, dark appearance. It is said that if all the spat should mature the creeks and coves would be one vast mine of oyster shells several feet in thickness. But from the time this spat ascends to the surface until it finally increases in size and weight and settles down to the bottom again, it has to encounter many difficulties, for floating about aimlessly on the surface like a great roll of white ribbon, a great part of it is destroyed by storm or by adhering to overhanging tree limbs, or being eaten up by fish; and even after it has found a resting place on the old parks and developed into the tiny oyster it is still pursued by its relentless enemies, the starfish and periwinkle, the latter boring through the tender shell and sucking out the oyster. In midsummer this spat may be seen drifting about far out on the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, and has frequently been the object of great curiosity among excursionists.

An old native at Roaring Point, who was preparing to go out to his park, was asked what he thought of the reports concerning the depletion of the oysters in the Chesapeake bay, removed his pipe from his mouth, and, with a smile, said:

"If the authorities enforce the law as they have been doing and the people give more intelligent attention to the cultivation of the oyster it will be very many years yet before the tongs or dredge fail to take up an oyster in these waters. Why, bless me, I've no doubt there are beds to-day where this drift spat has settled that have existed for years in spots under the waters of the bay that we know nothing of."

THE DEATH AGONY.

A Physician Says It Exists Mainly in the Beholder's Imagination.

"Many persons wonder," said a house doctor of a well-known hospital to a New York Telegram reporter, "how physicians can watch unmoved the death of a person whose dissolution is seemingly accompanied by evidence of great suffering, and the remark is a common one that doctors are heartless and unfeeling. This harsh criticism is founded on a wrong idea of things. The fact is that what is known as the death agony is largely restricted to the imagination of the watcher at the bedside of the dying person. The visible spasms and distortions of the facial muscles which in many cases mark the ending of life are not only painless, but take place unconsciously so far as the dying person is concerned.

"Even in case of death by hanging, where the prolonged agony of the sufferer is feelingly described by witnesses, it is reasonably certain that in a few moments the person becomes unconscious and dies in that condition. Such has been the experience of persons accidentally or purposely hanged, but afterwards resuscitated. It is a fact that people who have been nearly drowned agree in the statement that after a few moments of painful struggle a feeling of tranquility ensues.

"The suffering is while the resuscitated person is being brought back to consciousness. Then he often suffers physical pain and mental misery. It is a merciful dispensation of God and nature that, when the last moments of the dying man are at hand, vital forces give out, and the long-drawn-out gasps for breath come and go, the apparent sufferer is happily in a comatose condition, and so passes painlessly into the other life."

French Officers Study German.

Professorships of the German language were established in all the French military schools immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, and of late years French ministers of war have been wont to tell how wonderfully well all French officers knew the tongue of the neighbor beyond the Vosges. A few weeks ago, however, when the Russian Lieut. Winter, who speaks only German and Russian, walked into Paris at the close of his long tramp from St. Petersburg, not a single French officer able to converse fluently with him could be found in the French capital. The military professorship had afforded all officers an opportunity to learn to read German. Only a few, however, had profited from the opportunity. The speaking of the language, although the only acquirement of importance in case of war, had been entirely neglected.

COPYRIGHT 1890

Hits the nail on the head—one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They do the right thing in the right way. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels—thoroughly and effectively, but mildly and gently. They persuade, rather than force. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet's a gentle laxative; three to four act as a cathartic. They're the smallest, but the best. There's less to take, but there's more good in it, when it's taken. They're the original Little Liver Pill, and they've never been equaled. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE N O. 1. OF THE Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after June 7th, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp	2 55 A M	Day Exp	11 04 A M
Western Exp	4 43 A M	Mail	9 28 A M
Johnstown Exp	8 27 A M	Altoona Exp	1 00 P M
Pacific Exp	8 45 A M	Mail Exp	4 57 P M
Mail	4 26 P M	Phila Exp	8 16 P M
Fast Line	8 47 P M	Eastern Exp	10 17 P M
Way Pass	2 36 P M	Fast Line	11 22 P M

	Dist from Cresson																					
NORTH.																						
Irvona Exp†	66	P M	2 55	3 05	3 10	3 15	3 20	3 25	3 30	3 35	3 40	3 45	3 50	3 55	4 00	4 05	4 10	4 15	4 20	4 25	4 30	P M
Church Train†	62	A M	9 00	9 05	9 10	9 15	9 20	9 25	9 30	9 35	9 40	9 45	9 50	9 55	10 00	10 05	10 10	10 15	10 20	10 25	10 30	A M
Fast Line*	6	P M	3 05	3 15	3 20	3 25	3 30	3 35	3 40	3 45	3 50	3 55	4 00	4 05	4 10	4 15	4 20	4 25	4 30	4 35	4 40	P M
Mail*	1	A M	9 50	9 55	10 00	10 05	10 10	10 15	10 20	10 25	10 30	10 35	10 40	10 45	10 50	10 55	11 00	11 05	11 10	11 15	11 20	A M
STATIONS.			Cresson	Wilmore Junction	Dawson	Summit	Ashville	Mineral Springs	Gordon	Joan	Tyrone City	Fallen Timber	Tyrone City	Snyder	Tipton	Sinkhole	Williamsburg	Frankstown	Hollidaysburg	Duncansville	Altoona	
Dist			0	3	5	7	9	11	13	15	17	19	21	23	25	27	29	31	33	35	37	
Pacific Exp*	1	P M	3 50	4 00	4 05	4 10	4 15	4 20	4 25	4 30	4 35	4 40	4 45	4 50	4 55	5 00	5 05	5 10	5 15	5 20	5 25	P M
Mail*	5	P M	4 00	4 10	4 15	4 20	4 25	4 30	4 35	4 40	4 45	4 50	4 55	5 00	5 05	5 10	5 15	5 20	5 25	5 30	5 35	P M
Church Train†	61	A M	9 00	9 05	9 10	9 15	9 20	9 25	9 30	9 35	9 40	9 45	9 50	9 55	10 00	10 05	10 10	10 15	10 20	10 25	10 30	A M
Cresson Exp†	69	P M	4 30	4 40	4 45	4 50	4 55	5 00	5 05	5 10	5 15	5 20	5 25	5 30	5 35	5 40	5 45	5 50	5 55	6 00	6 05	P M
SOUTH.																						

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.
Denny's, Moore's and Critsie's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.
No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8 45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9 28 for points east of Cresson.
No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.
From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9-28, and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27, and Pacific Express at 8 45.
No. 6 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 from points east of Cresson, and Mail Express at 4 57 from points west of Cresson.
Sunday trains connect with Pacific Express and Mail Train west and mail Express east.
Passengers to or from points on Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad can take train at Conlon's.
Stations marked "f" are flag stations. Passengers wishing to get off must notify the conductor. Passengers wishing to get on will flag the train at these stations. Trains will not stop unless so notified.
W. F. RATHBUN,
General Manager and Superintendent.
E. J. BURGOON, Train Master.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE OF THE Ebensburg & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect June 7th 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp	2 55 a m	Day Exp	11 04 a m
Western Exp	4 43 a m	Mail	9 28 a m
Johnstown Exp	8 27 a m	Altoona Exp	1 00 p m
Pacific Exp	8 45 a m	Mail Exp	4 57 p m
Mail	4 26 p m	Phila Exp	8 16 p m
Fast Line	8 47 p m	Eastern Exp	10 17 p m
Way Pass	2 36 p m	Fast Line	11 22 p m

SOUTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3. P M
Ebensburg		7 20	10 25	3 30
Bradley	5.0	7 40	10 31	3 44
Raylor	4.8	7 46	10 38	3 50
Noel	6.1	7 54	10 50	3 55
Munster	7.5	7 58	10 47	4 00
Lucket	9.6	8 03	10 45	4 08
Cresson	11.3	8 10	10 50	4 15

NORTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. P M	No. 3. P M
Cresson		9 45	11 10	5 05
Lucket	1.7	9 50	11 20	5 15
Munster	3.8	9 55	11 29	5 22
Noel	5.3	9 59	11 35	5 28
Raylor	6.5	10 02	11 41	5 33
Bradley	8.3	10 07	11 47	5 42
Ebensburg	11.3	10 15	12 01	5 55

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations. No trains on Sunday.

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876 and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE 'ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

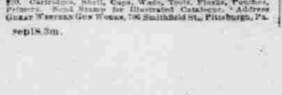
OLD HARTFORD

FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 31, 1882.



Send for Price List. Sights, Nets. Double Breech-Loading Shot Guns, choke-bored, $9 to $50; Single Breech-Loading Shot Guns, $3 to $25; Breech-Loading and Repeating Rifles, $5.50 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double Shot Guns, $6 to $30; Single Shot Guns, $2.50 to $10; Revolvers, $1 to 20; Double-Action Self-Cockers, $7.50 to $30. Cartridges, Shell, Caps, Wads, Tools, Flasks, Pouches, Primers, Sent Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun Works, 706 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

sep18-3m.

FATE OF A SAMOAN HERO.

Standing Dead, Tattooed and Embalmed, in an Undertaker's Shop.

Coroner Walley and his partner, Mr. Rollins, possess at their place of business a decidedly novel, weird and ghastly advertisement. In the corner of their back room stands an ordinary looking pine box, such a one as is used to place around caskets in the grave. It stands upon one end, and hinges are at the sides. A lid is opened and a startling sight is revealed.

Standing erect, with hands folded in front and dressed in no raiment except a similar garment to the one used by the Yuma Indians (when they use one) stands the dead body of a Samoan tattooed warrior, who was known during life as Letungaifo, and who died of consumption at St. Luke's hospital. The body, says the Denver Republican, was taken to Coroner Walley's on the day of death, and he had it embalmed. The eyes are open and the black hair and slight mustache bristle out with peculiar fierceness. From the waist to the knees it has been tattooed with blue ink, so as to resemble a pair of knee pants, it being one of the peculiar customs of the country from whence he came to so decorate the body of every male as soon as he arrives at man's estate.

From the peculiar history of this lonely Pacific islander, who, it seems, risked his life and assisted in saving the lives of many United States man-of-warsmen during the terrible cyclone that swept over the island in March, 1889, it would seem that the government alone owed a debt of gratitude to him to at least put him in a proper resting place. Letungaifo was one of five Samoans brought to this country by R. A. Cunningham, August 19, 1889, and was to have exhibited with them in this city, but owing to his health he was sent to the hospital, and a few weeks after the departure of his countrymen he died. In obtaining these five Samoans Mr. Cunningham had great difficulty, as Mataafa Malietoa, the king of the islands, will not allow any of his subjects to leave, claiming it contrary to their law and custom.

In the terrible cyclone in March, 1889, when the American men of war Trenton and Vandalia were wrecked in the harbor of Pago-Pago, in the island of Tutuila, the natives rescued the sailors by making a human line out to reach them, thus enabling them to get to the shore. On this occasion Letungaifo particularly distinguished himself for feats of bravery in saving the lives of several of the crew.

It was after this Cunningham attempted to get the men away. They sailed from the island of Upolu in an open boat, intending to intercept the Oceanic, steamer from Sidney to Frisco, but a terrible storm arose, and after nearly being capsized and suffering all manner of hardships, they were compelled to put back in the harbor of Pago-Pago.

This was on Saturday, and the next day being Sunday all were released to attend church, as the authorities did not think anything would sail on that day. Cunningham, however, learned the United States ship Alameda was shortly to sail with the sailors who were wrecked during the hurricane, and hastily getting the men together, who were anxious to come on board, they were secreted and thus escaped to America, being the first of their race to leave their native country.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Killing of a Great Serpent No Less Than 115 Years Old.

Early in January of the present year a woodman engaged in chopping some of the monster oaks in the northern part of the great "Black Forest," Germany, and who had built a fire against a large dead log, preparatory to partaking of his middle meal, was surprised to see a serpent of gigantic proportions crawl from the log as soon as the rotten wood had got well warmed through. The day was bitter cold, and the snake only made a few yards over the frozen ground until his convolutions became smaller and smaller, until he finally ceased to wiggle and quietly coiled up near a large pile of brush. The sturdy German chopper, who had been more surprised than scared, waited until the creature had become thoroughly benumbed with the cold, and then approached and dispatched him with his ax. Measurements showed the slimy creature to be twenty-seven feet, six inches in length, and nearly fifteen inches through the body in the middle. But the most curious part of the story is yet to be told. Just back of the immense head, which was eleven inches in length and almost as broad, a little gold ring had been put through the skin. It was in the form of two rings rather than one, being shaped not unlike a figure 8. One part of the ring was through the skin, while the other was through a hole in a small copper coin bearing date of 1712. One side of the coin was perfectly smooth, with the exception of these letters and figures, which had evidently been cut on it with a pocketknife, the workmanship being very rough: "Louis Krutzer, B. G. O. 1781." Some of the older inhabitants of the "Black Forest" remember hearing their parents tell of "Krutzer, the serpent charmer," and they all unite in declaring that this gigantic serpent was formerly the property of the old "charmer," and that it was at least one hundred and fifteen years old when killed by the woodchopper on that cold January day of 1891.

DEADWOOD NICKNAMES.

Queer Titles Worn by Some of the Old-Time Characters.

The wild and woolly west is distinguished for many peculiarities, but none so much as the singular names assumed by some of her people, in some cases "thrust upon them." The late Johnny Swift kept a list of such from the early days of Deadwood that made amusing and interesting reading after that poor fellow's death, says the Deadwood Pioneer. Among them prominently appeared "Wild Bill," "Calamity Jane," "Lobster Charley," "Big Shot Brown," "Red Rock Tom," "Smoky Jones," "Rattlesnake Jim," "Colorado Charley," and many others filled the long list that were familiar and well known to all the old settlers of the gulch. Each and every appellation was a distinct feature of the individuality of the bearer, and by these names they were known and addressed and no other. The ledgers of the merchants possibly contain to this day many of these names. In sauntering down to the Elkhorn freight depot the other morning a reporter of the Pioneer thought he recognized in a tall, fine-looking individual in front of Jim Allen's saloon, a Mr. Larkin, a merchant of Chadron, and saluted him as such. He drew himself up to his full height and said smilingly: "I am not Mr. Larkin; my name is Hold-Out Johnson, this morning." The reporter begged his pardon, passed on, wondering what it had been the night before, and musing over the singularity of the name.

The Graceful Japanese.

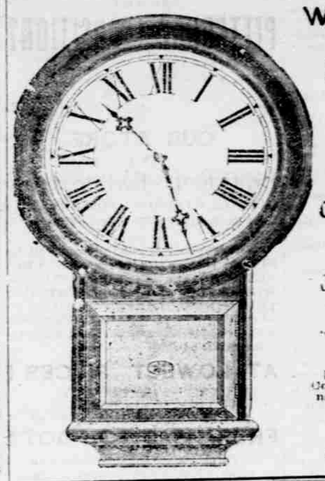
Sir Edwin Arnold, who has become more Japanese than the Mikado's court, expresses the belief that the Japanese women are "semi-angelic," says an exchange. He declares the race to be the most graceful Nation in the world, and says that "their simple joy of life, their universal alacrity to please and be pleased, their almost divine sweetness of disposition," make them models of dignified and elegant behavior, above all other nations.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.

In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

"WANT A WAGON?"

We have wagons, buggies, surreys. High grade; as light, strong, durable, stylish, as beautifully finished as modernized manufacture can produce. Built on honor by men of life experience. Honesty is our policy; prompt shipment our specialty. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our catalogue. It is free to every reader of this paper. Binghamton Wagon Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"BUILT FOR BUSINESS."

Ely's Cream Balm THE CURE FOR CATARRH HAY-FEVER AND COLD IN HEAD

Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50c

ONLY $20 HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.

WARRANTED 5 YEARS. 15 DAYS TRIAL.

Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.

THE C. A. WOOD CO.
17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

B. J. LYNCH,

UNDERTAKER,

And Manufacturer & Dealer in

HOME AND CITYMADE

FURNITURE

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.,

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

ALTOONA. PENN'A

Citizens of Cambria County and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'80-tf.]

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

jun12 91 ly NR

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet, 10c.

JOB :: PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

Is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion. We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

Lowest Cash Prices.

Nothing but the best material is used and our work speaks for itself. We are prepared to print on the shortest notice

POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, BUSINESS CARDS, TAGS, BILL HEADS, MONTHLY STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, LABELS, CIRCULARS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CHECKS, NOTES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, BOND WORK, LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, AND HOP AND PARTY INVITATIONS ETC.

We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman,

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS

A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

A SHARP DODGE.

How Adam Forepaugh, the Circus Man, Once Avoided an Attachment.

"The circus is subject to a system of blackmail, plunder and robbery en route that is unheard of in any other business," said an old-time circus man to a Pittsburgh Dispatch reporter. "It requires the most diplomatic management, and after all the company must submit to all sorts of extortion to escape attachments. These are levied upon the ticket wagon just before the evening performance, or upon a pole wagon as the tents are being pulled down. As the delay of a trial, or even a hearing, would cost thousands of dollars, there is no other way than to submit. This sort of robbery occurs in almost every town where a circus goes. The company may think it is getting off all right, when suddenly some accident, some chance injury to property, or something of that kind, affords an excuse for a levy. When I was with Forepaugh I soon found that the attachment racket was dreaded and cursed more by the veteran showman than any other evil.

"One time we were showing at Syracuse. A drunken countryman had been wandering around and fooling with the animals. He finally approached Tip as the elephants were lined up to leave, pulled a flask of whisky from his pocket and tried to pour it in Tip's trunk. Tip resented this invitation to drink, and in about five seconds was wiping up the ground with his tormentor. But for Dan Taylor and others the man would have been killed.

"Old man Forepaugh took it all in. He knew that the show would be detained and probably miss the next date if we didn't get off, so he told Dan to throw the man in a wagon and bring him along with the show. We didn't know whether he was dead or alive until our doctor called it a case of drunk. But next morning, when the man had sobered up, he had no more idea where he was or how he came there than the man in the moon. Forepaugh went for him and told him in his choice vocabulary of adjectives that he was a nice man to hire out to the show and then get drunk and fight with the elephants the first night. 'You are discharged, sir! You are discharged!' the old man thundered, and the fellow sneaked away, utterly collapsed."

GRATIFIED CURIOSITY.

The Young Man Pressed the Button and Put Out the Lights.

A gentleman recently gave a housewarming party, having just moved into a new dwelling. A large company was invited, and the entire mansion was thrown open to the guests. The house was modern in its appointments to the last degree, even to being lighted by electricity instead of gas.

One young man among the guests saw much to arouse his curiosity and was on the alert for new discoveries.

A celebrated singer had just taken her place at the piano, when this young man, who was standing in the lower hall near the parlor door, caught sight of something that looked like a black rubber button in the center of a small marble disc. What could that be for?

He was so anxious to know that he could not listen to the singer, says London Tid-Bits. The crowd was great, and he felt sure he could examine the curiosity without being noticed. He passed his hands over it slyly, touched the rubber or metal button with his fingers, pressed it softly, and on the instant the parlors and hall were in total darkness.

The song of the soprano ended in a little shriek, and the air was full of exclamations.

"Pray keep perfectly quiet," the voice of the host was heard saying. "We will have lights in a moment."

Groping his way through the crowd, stepping on their toes, striking against them and putting his outstretched hands into a variety of forms, the chagrined host finally made his way into the hall, felt along the wall until he touched the electric button, pressed it and the rooms were again flooded with light.

The inquisitive young man hadn't presence of mind enough to hold his tongue.

"Oh, is that what that thing is for?" he said. "I didn't know, or I—I—wouldn't have touched it."

DISEASE AND CONTAGION.

The Period During Which Contact Is Dangerous.

Among the practical questions connected with the subject of contagious diseases is one which relates to the length of the period of special exposure. The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says that the contagiousness of measles, mumps and whooping-cough disappears with the patient's recovery; that there is probably no danger of his conveying the disease to others for about a week after he himself was exposed to it—that is to say, during the so-called period of incubation; and that the contagiousness of measles does not extend beyond a fortnight.

Some authorities affirm that the contagiousness of whooping-cough ceases after six weeks, however long the coughing may continue; others think it prudent to isolate the patient until the paroxysms are over.

In scarlet fever and diphtheria the period of incubation is brief, a few days only; and during this period there is no contagion. It is very important to know that in scarlet fever the period of greatest danger is after the disappearance of the fever, the period of desquamation or peeling. From ignorance of this fact many lives have been lost. Persons have gone into society before the peeling was completed, and almost of course have communicated the disease. The fact is that every particle of the scales contains thousands of microbes.

A lady who was recovering from scarlet fever wrote a letter to a distant friend. As she wrote she blew from the paper the "dust" which peeled from her hand. The letter conveyed the disease to the friend and her little daughter, and the daughter died.

A servant nursed a scarlet fever patient, and on leaving the place put her clothing into a trunk. A year afterward she unpacked the trunk, and a little girl who stood by took the disease.

In diphtheria the virus resides in the false membrane, and for that reason is less likely to be carried to a distance; but the particles long retain their power of infection. The contagiousness of consumption lies in the patient's expectorations and discharges. If these are carefully received in a disinfecting fluid, there is almost no danger to attendants and friends.

Strength of Men and Women.

A French scientist who experimented with fifty persons of both sexes, using a machine for compression as a test of strength, found that the strongest man was able to produce with his right hand a pressure equivalent to eighty-five kilograms (a kilogram is rather more than two pounds) and the weakest to forty kilograms, the average being fifty-six kilograms. One curious result was arrived at; the short men were all very nearly as strong as the tall men, the average difference between equal groups of two sizes being only three kilograms. The force of the strongest woman of the fifty who were selected amounted to only forty-four kilograms, and that of the weakest to sixteen kilograms, while the average was thirty-three kilograms.

TAKE FOR RHEUMATISM

GOUT, BACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Cramps, etc. etc. the

IMPORTED "ANCHOR" PAIN EXPELLER

IT IS AND WILL EVER BE

The BEST, UNEQUALED REMEDY.

Used with great success in the Imperial and Royal General Hospital of Vienna and many others.

One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands:

Tarrytown, N.Y., Jan. 28, '90.

Your Anchor Pain Expeller is really excellent. One of our Sisters, suffering from Rheumatism for years, could find nothing to cure her but your Anchor Pain Expeller.

School SISTERS DE NOTRE DAME.

50 Cents a bottle.

OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM

F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,

310 Broadway, New York.

European Houses: Budolstadt, Gy, London, Vienna, Rotterdam, Prague, Konstein, Olten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.

28 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application.

oct 3 1890 1y.

Whither O Whither, old woman, so high
With black Diamond Roofing to cover the sky,
Why go so far from the Lord of your Heart?
Because it already covers the Earth.

Send for Illustrated circular to

H. EHRET, JR., & Co.,

423 Walnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

SOOTHING-HEALING

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.

Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.

Every Sufferer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and quick cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $1. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

au23 90tp-ar

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for* CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

FOR ARTISTIC

JOB PRINTING

TRY THE FREEMAN.

Many little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a week. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. Whether you have any spare time, or can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Either sex; you can easily earn a fortune. Nothing like it ever offered before. Particulars free. Now is the time. Don't delay. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine.

Farquhar Keystone Corn Planter

Warranted the best Corn Dropper and most perfect Force-feed Fertilizer Distributor in the world. Send for Catalogue.

A. B. FARQUHAR CO.

YORK, PA.

Send for Large Illustrated Catalogue.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail, samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

jun12 91ly

MONGOLIAN GENIUS.

Cleverness of the Burglars of the Flowery Kingdom.

The Singular Trick by Which a Midnight Caller Fooled the Owner of His Watch-tower.

"My husband was, as you know, a diplomat in the Austrian diplomatic service, and an American woman, according to the New York Tribune, could tell you of the number of incidents in our married life that have been legion. But there is one adventure which occurred while we were attached to the legation in China that so combined the humorous with the really serious that I could never forget it. After we were there for about a year there occurred a great jubilee at the court to celebrate the emperor's birthday or some other festive occasion, and Baron H——, who had been sent from Vienna as special envoy to tender congratulations, was, of course, stopped at the legation. The night before he was to leave he returned very late for dinner. I could see during the evening that he was disturbed and worried, and after other guests had gone he confided to the count and myself his trouble. He was a nervous, fussy little man, and was evidently greatly disturbed. 'I have had some important jew